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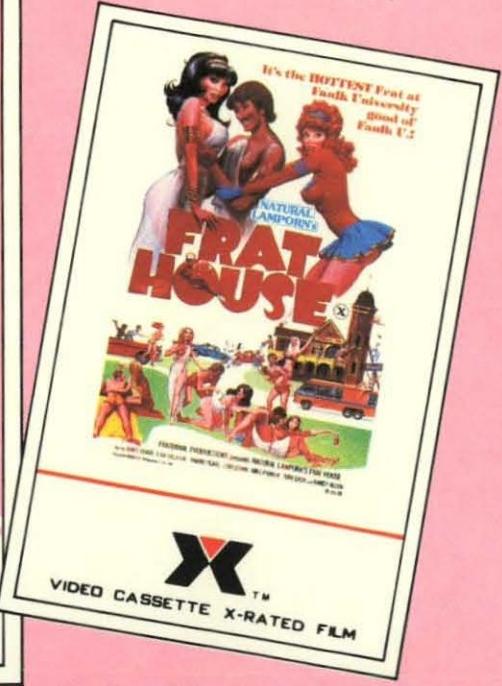
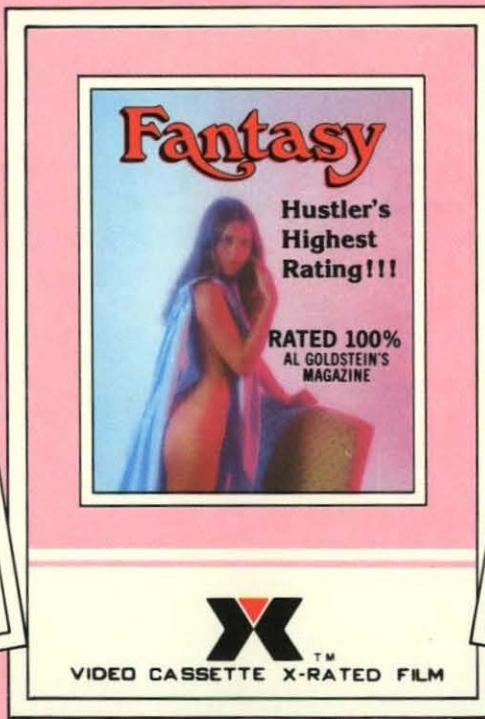
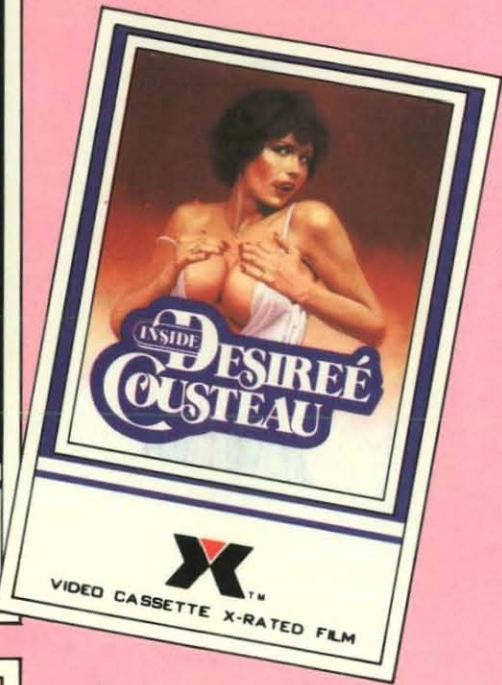
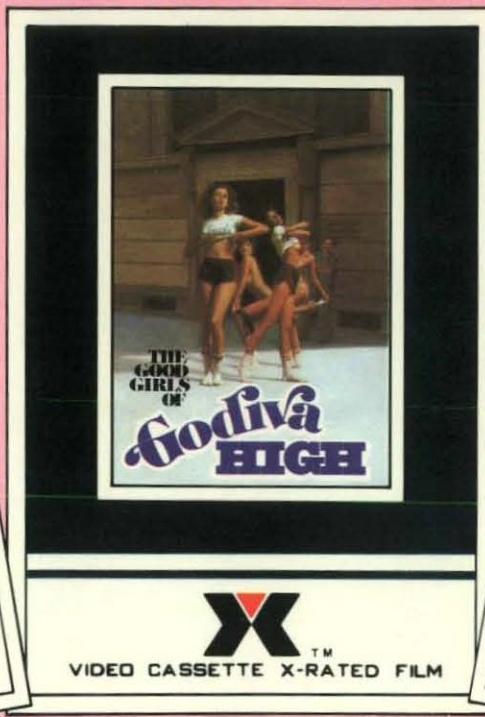
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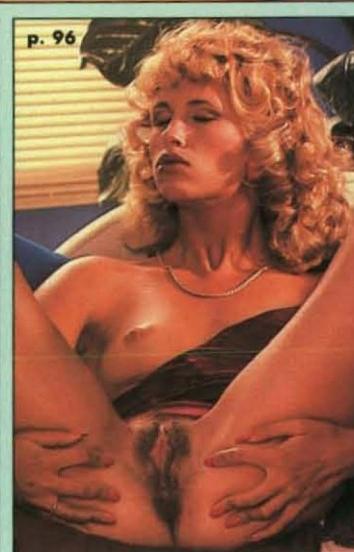
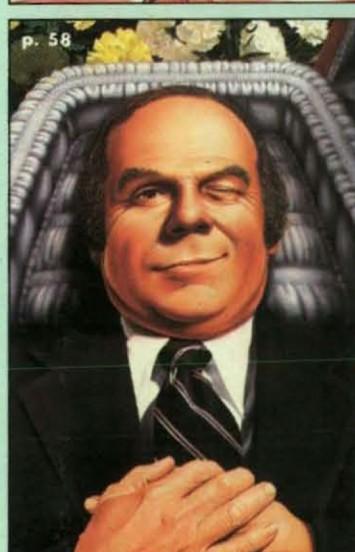
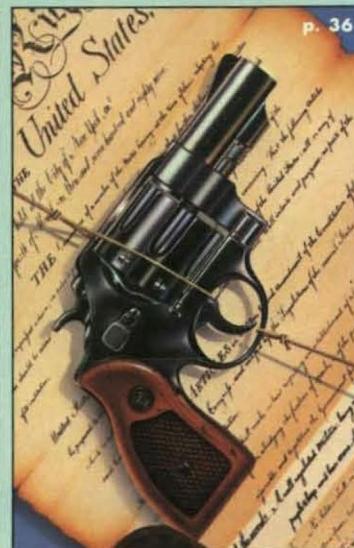
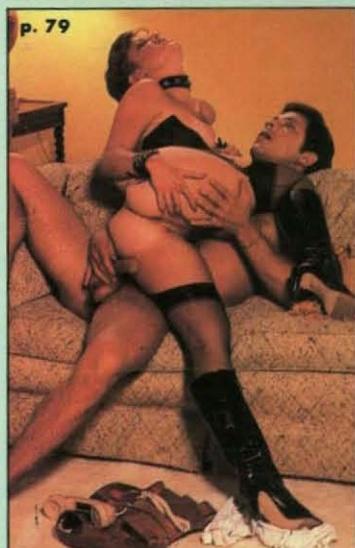
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Tax the Churches

Organized religion is Big Business. For years now the big churches have been able to amass billions of dollars by exploiting their tax-exempt status. Those billions of dollars aren't just coming from the loose change that parishioners put into collection plates. They're coming from large-scale investments and business ventures.

Now, I'm not saying that organized religion should be stifled in any way. But we have to recognize the difference between practicing a religion and building a business empire. The fact is that churches are involved in just about everything that we call "Big Business"—from aircraft manufacturing to department stores to steel companies.

It may shock you to know that churches own one-fifth of the total amount of private property in the United States. Don't for a minute think that all of that real estate is cozy little small-town churches or religious retreats. The Catholic Church, for example, owns multi-million-dollar high-rise hotels and office buildings across the country. A great deal of church-owned property is used for commercial business ventures. For the most part, no matter what the property is used for, it goes off the tax rolls as soon as it is acquired by any church. So while the average property-owner is struggling to pay his taxes, big-time religion is getting a free ride on its real estate, even though much of its use has nothing to do with religion.

The churches' establishment of commercial business enterprises is the most blatant abuse of their tax-exempt privilege. Sometimes a business owned and operated by a church is out-and-out tax-free. The Seventh-day Adventists, for example, run a chain of food markets called the Loma Linda Food Company. They pay no taxes on profits.

But usually churches have to resort to legal ploys to reap tax-exempt profits. All they have to do is set up a

second party in a business, who agrees to transfer a percentage of the profits back to the church. This amounts to legalized tax evasion, because the church pays no taxes on its share of the profits.

The Mormons use this method to obtain huge, tax-exempt profits from chains of drugstores, supermarkets and other business enterprises. Incredibly, none of these arrangements have to be reported! Churches are raking in untold millions of dollars in total secrecy.

As if all that weren't enough, religious institutions realize even more tax-free profits from stock-market investments. The Catholic Church is one of the biggest stock-market investors in the world. As unbelievable as it may seem, the Vatican even accumulated at one time a controlling interest in a company that manufactures birth-control pills, even though the Catholic religion teaches that using contraceptive devices is a sin. Clearly, the Church's financial ventures have nothing to do with religious conviction. They have to do with making money, pure and simple.

I think it's an outrage that an institution is able to generate so much wealth without paying its fair share of taxes. Churches were originally exempted from taxation to keep them free from the repressive hand of government. But they've totally abused their privilege by exploiting their tax-free status to set up business empires.

Why not tax churches? Not only would it ease the tax burden on the rest of us by as much as \$10 billion, but it would also correct a gross inequity. If the big religions want to be big businesses, that's their right. But they can damn well pay their fair share of taxes along the way.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Larry Flynt".

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SHOW & TELL

Every month, we at HUSTLER make it a point to give you—our readers—an inside look at the people who contribute their talents to this magazine. They're the respected journalists, fiction writers and illustrators who help make HUSTLER the exciting and informative package it has always been. For our holiday issue, though, we also called on a number of HUSTLER staffers to provide fascinating features.

Our Research Director and *Advise & Consent* Editor, STEPHANIE ROSS, has written perhaps the most important *Sex Play* ever. For decades most sexologists have insisted that female orgasms originate only from the clitoris—and never from within the vagina. But new developments in the field of sex research have shaken up old ideas. In **HOW TO ACHIEVE VAGINAL ORGASMS**, Ross reveals a recent discovery of a trigger spot, deep inside a woman's vagina, that produces intense climaxes. The illustration was rendered by JOHN ANDREWS, a frequent contributor to HUSTLER.

Our January profile of **ALAN ABEL: GREAT AMERICAN HOAX ARTIST** was written by another HUSTLER staffer, East Coast Articles Editor DOUG GARR. Many of Abel's pranks—like tricking the *New York Times* into running his obituary—have gained him national publicity, and Garr uncovers the man behind these outrageous stunts. Prior to joining HUSTLER in August 1980, Garr was a free-lance journalist who wrote for CHIC, People, the Village Voice, Omni, the *New York Times* and the *New York Daily News*. The accompanying artwork was produced by PAT DUNN, a graduate of the prestigious Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California.

Another master joker featured in the January issue is comedy writer PAT McCORMICK. He's the guest critic for our **SIXTH ANNUAL UNBIASED REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES**—a no-holds-barred commentary on the major men's publications, including HUSTLER. An honors graduate of Harvard University, McCormick is one of Hollywood's leading wits. He's been a staff writer on the *Tonight Show* for the past eight years and has also penned funny lines for a number of top comedians, including Don



Cover by James Baes

Rickles, Jonathan Winters and Bill Cosby. The photo credit belongs to Austrian-born LADI VON JANSKY, a HUSTLER Contributing Photographer, whose work has also appeared in *Vogue* and *Penthouse*. Before coming to the U.S., he studied photography and film production in Czechoslovakia, where he was a well-known movie actor.

Also, von Jansky conspired with *Bits & Pieces* Editor BRUCE HELFORD and Associate Art Director RALPH FOWLER to bring you another favorite annual feature—**HUSTLER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE**. With tongues planted firmly in cheek, Helford and Fowler came up with a selection of truly unusual gifts for those people who have everything—including a HUSTLER sense of humor. Helford, who wrote the text, is former editor and publisher of *L.A. Oops*, a West Coast humor tabloid. The gifts were designed and produced by Fowler, who's been with HUSTLER for close to five years and who creates most of our *Bits & Pieces* sets and props every month. And von Jansky, who photographs many of each issue's *B&P* items, shot the gift-guide pictures.

While our January issue brings you the lighter side of life, we've also provided a discussion of one of the most serious and explosive issues facing this country. To help sort

out **THE PROS AND CONS OF GUN CONTROL**, we assembled a panel of three experts to debate the subject. DR. DAVID I. CAPLAN, a New York-based lawyer and a member of the National Rifle Association, presents the anti-gun-control viewpoint along with DON B. KATES, JR., a San Francisco attorney and political liberal. Arguing in favor of gun control is SAMUEL S. FIELDS of the National Coalition to Ban Handguns. For the art, we called on the prolific ROGER BERGENDORFF. He illustrated the November 1980 profile *Lyndon LaRouche: American Political Fanatic* and *Al Davis: Pro Football's Maverick Mastermind* in last month's issue.

Also more than a little busy at our offices is the author of January's fiction, **BEYOND FOREVER**. This story of a love that reaches past the boundaries of life and death is excerpted from the new novel of the same name by J. BRADFORD OLESKER. Formerly Executive Editor of GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, the latest Larry Flynt publication, Olesker is now Editorial Director of that magazine as well as of HUSTLER and CHIC. His two other novels are *No Place Like Home*, the film rights for which were purchased by MGM, and *The Siege of Superport*, about which the *New York Times Book Review* said, "There is enough suspense in the book to knock one's blood pressure off the gauge." Olesker also wrote our September 1980 fiction, *Fall Guy*. MICK McGINTY provided the companion illustration. His work has appeared often in HUSTLER, and he has also created numerous movie posters for Columbia and Universal Pictures, including *The Blue Lagoon* and *Flash Gordon*.

One up-and-coming movie star who deserves to be a poster pinup herself is featured in a special celebrity exclusive this month, ROBYN DOUGLASS NUDE, photographed by AUGUSTIN GREGORY. Robyn has been seen in television's *Galactica 1980* and in the film *Breaking Away*—but she's never been seen like this.

Our January issue is packed with an especially provocative array of entertainment and information, and more features than usual were generated by our own staff. Think of it as our way of saying thanks—to you—and Happy Holidays!



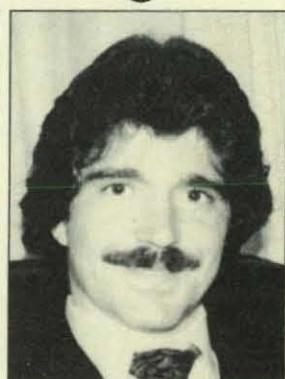
Doug Garr



Pat McCormick



Ladi von Jansky, Bruce Helford, Ralph Fowler



J. Bradford Olesker

WANTED

FOR VIOLATION OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT



GLORIA STEINEM

Gloria Steinem is one of the powerful, big-name feminists behind the movement to ban sexually explicit magazines from America's newsstands. Her brand of self-righteous feminism has made Steinem a disgrace to the profession of journalism. Though a publisher herself, she is advocating nothing short of censorship. In the name of her cause, she's willing to trample the First Amendment rights of all Americans.

Steinem has had the presumption to arbitrarily distinguish "good" erotica from "bad" pornography. She obviously believes that the tastes of an elite few should dictate what we're all allowed to read. Incredibly, she has argued that kiddie porn—the exploitation of children—is no different than the healthy depiction of adult sexuality. According to her, it's all part of the same "male plot."

A self-proclaimed liberal, Steinem is promoting repression with reactionary zeal. But, in fact, she's a master of disguise. Steinem once worked full-time for a supposedly liberal youth organization, knowing that it was a front for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Advocating that obscenity laws be enforced against the "powerful pornography industry," Steinem has called for marches, lawsuits and civil disobedience to combat what she calls the "'masculine' sexual war." If she's successful, the resulting censorship will threaten *all* freedom of expression. If they can censor HUSTLER today, why not the *New York Times* tomorrow?

Gloria Steinem should be considered armed with false propaganda and dangerous to the rights of all Americans.

Dawn: I'd like to congratulate Matti Klatt for his excellent centerfold photography (top photo) in your November 1980 issue. *Dawn: Angel of the Morning* is one terrific-looking lady. If I woke up to her, I'm afraid I'd never get out of bed in the morning. —J. Riley

Forest Grove, Oregon

Sick Humor: Your cartoon in the October 1980 issue of HUSTLER (center) showing a dead newborn baby in a department-store bathroom was disgusting. Many children are abandoned every day, and babies are born and left to die in garbage cans. If you think this is humor, you guys are sick. —A. L.

Southwick, Massachusetts

You guys are really fucked up. Your cartoon in the October 1980 issue of HUSTLER depicting an epileptic having a fit is a bunch of shit. I have epilepsy, and it's under control. I am married, working and living a normal life. And I don't have to stand on a street corner and beg for money like the guy pictured in your cartoon. There is help for those of us who suffer from this disease.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

After reading the negative comments about HUSTLER's cartoons in your November 1980 *Feedback* column, I felt compelled to write. Don't these people understand that many of these so-called offensive cartoons satirize serious issues, in the same manner as political cartoons in newspapers? —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

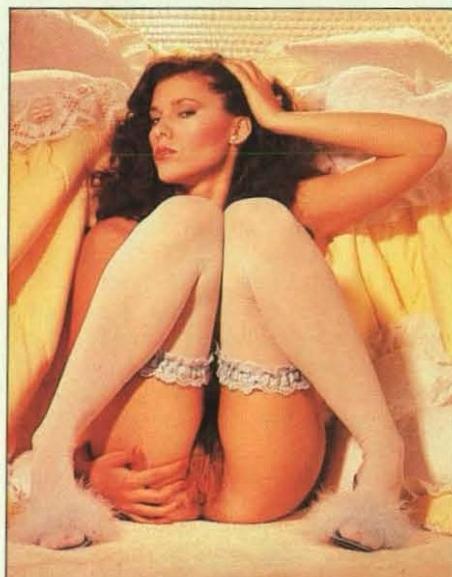
Apparently not.

Photo Critics: The *Stud Service* photo-feature (bottom photo) in your November 1980 issue was disgusting. It was bad enough that you showed a nigger with a white girl, but at least you could have found one with a circumcised penis. The girl who modeled with him must have been hard up for a job. If you have to print pictorials of niggers, keep them with their own kind. —J. B.

Plainfield, Illinois

After buying HUSTLER for years, I am writing to tell you that your November 1980 issue was the last one. That nigger screwing a white woman in *Stud Service* was a disgrace. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I've seen a number of HUSTLER photo-features showing black men with



white women, such as your November 1980 issue's *Stud Service*. But to the best of my recollection, you've never featured a white stud with a beautiful black woman. I think you're promoting the myth that black men are better lovers than whites, which is bullshit. I'm a white male, and the black women I've been with have said that I'm better in bed than the black men they've screwed.

—W. S.
Ames, Iowa

*The February 1980 issue of HUSTLER featured a photo-spread of a white man with a black woman, entitled *Soul Food*. Check it out!*

Your October 1980 issue featured what I think is your all-time ugliest centerfold (*Pamela: In the Pink*). Not one single photo showed her with her mouth closed. The bitch looked like she sucked one too many and has a perpetual blow-job mouth. Do her a favor, and take her to a doctor who can fix her jaw. I'm surprised Suze Randall would photograph such an ugly whore. —M. N.

Gary, Indiana

You guys are rotten bastards. I've bought nearly every issue of HUSTLER in hopes that you'd include a photo-feature of a girl with a shaved cunt. Your October 1980 centerfold (*Pamela: In the Pink*) showed a stunning girl who was shaved, but her hands covered her beautiful mound in every single shot. Your photo editor must be a stupid asshole. And one thing I would also like to find out is if Suze Randall only knows how to shoot one facial expression.

—Stu Goldthwaite
Orange, California

I'm writing about your October 1980 photo-feature *Ballgame: The Nurse and the Jock*, which I feel was a degradation to our dedicated nurses. Do you think having sexual relations with a patient is a part of a nurse's duty?

Baloney! I've been a nurse's aide for six years, and in that time I have yet to experience or know of any nurse who has had a sexual involvement with a patient. It would mean instant dismissal.

—Jeanette Harden
Mt. Carmel, Illinois

Of course, it's not part of a nurse's duty to have sex with a patient. (But that doesn't mean it doesn't happen.) HUSTLER's photo-features are intended to be healthy fantasy, not necessarily a comment on any profession that may be depicted in them.

My congratulations on your October 1980 photo-feature *Ballgame: The Nurse and the Jock*. What a turn-on! Keep that sort of thing coming in future issues of HUSTLER.

—Garry Scott

Los Angeles, California

Feature Opinions: Thanks for your article *Asleep at the Wheel: America's Hottest Country Band* in the October 1980 issue of HUSTLER. Ray Benson is correct in saying that his band is "the best fuckin' band in the whole fuckin' world." But then again, he hasn't heard my band! I can identify with the Wheel's having been thrown out of a Lake Tahoe, Nevada, club. I was recently stranded in Clovis, New Mexico, after getting canned by an asshole club-owner who said that "the agent told him we had a broad in the group." Sure enough, the next night there was a big pair of tits on the bandstand. Like Asleep at the Wheel, we're paying our dues. I wish Ray Benson and his group all the best, and I hope we'll soon be giving him some competition.

—Eddie Vernon

Ridgefield Park, New Jersey

I'm writing to tell you that I really enjoyed Richard Warren Lewis's article *White House Follies: Scandals of the First Families* in your November 1980 issue. It really made history come alive!

Maybe if they taught this kind of information in high schools, more kids wouldn't snooze in class!

—R. B.
Queens, New York

I just finished reading Larry Flynt's feature article *What's Wrong With American Politics* in your November 1980 issue. He has done an admirable job of raising the issues and of analyzing the problems. I agree with Mr. Flynt that the major problem in America is the misworkings of government. I partially agree when he attributes blame to other-mentioned sectors of the economy. But I think he is totally unaware of the solution at hand. He calls for candidates' responsiveness to the needs of the people and for an informed citizenry. We already have the candidates we need in the Libertarian Party. Your magazine should help raise this point.

—R. G. Stepanovich
Lansing, Michigan

Flynt's Statements: Your whole November 1980 political issue was great and well worth reading. Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* "The Politics of Morality," in which he stated that a "tone of moral righteousness has taken over American politics," was one of his best. He was absolutely right when he called those fanatical hypocrites in the

Moral Majority, the Reverend Jerry Falwell's organization, "moral Fascists." These people are out to inflict their warped ideas on everyone else, and they can't seem to understand or respect other peoples' interests or rights.

In my area these modern-day, born-again Fascists can't tolerate adult bookstores and other "places of sin" in their God-fearing community. They've been running these establishments out of business and out of town. So much for democracy and free enterprise.

—Bill Sullivan
Moline, Illinois

I read with great interest your *Publisher's Statement* "The Politics of Morality" (November 1980). The Bible says that in the end many false prophets will rise, and many will follow them. I wonder if it's possible that these false prophets are the people Larry Flynt talked about in his editorial.

These are people who claim to be Christians; yet they want to persecute homosexuals, women's libbers and anyone else who gets in their way. They are trying to control our government, press and lives. They would like to cause us to feel shameful about the things we do, while claiming that God is behind them. I'm sure they are doing what they believe in, but I think what they believe in most is money and power.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

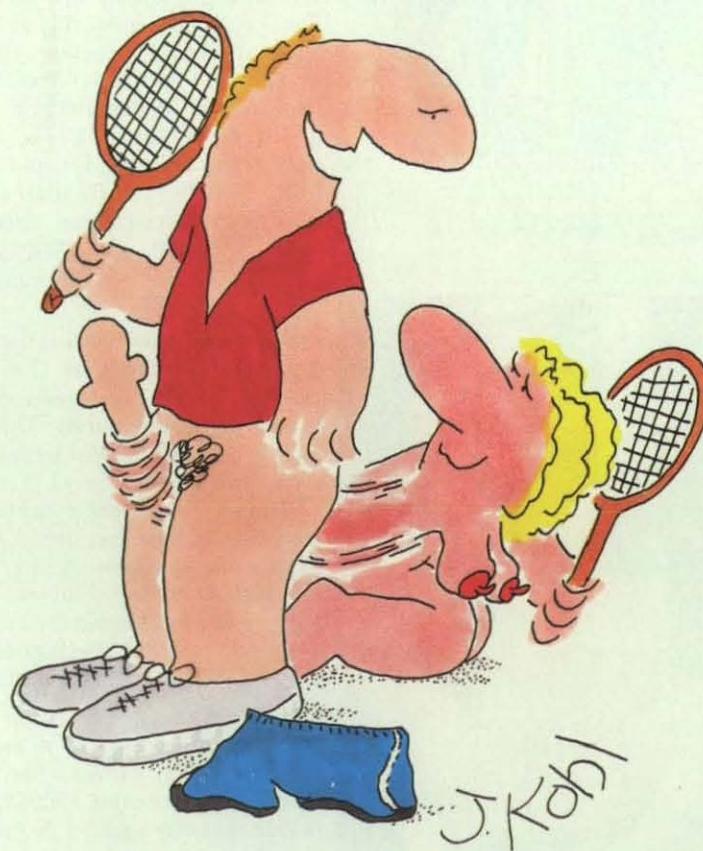
I commend Larry Flynt's October 1980 *Publisher's Statement* advocating "Sex Education" as being right on the mark. I'm a 26-year-old woman and a fifth-grade teacher. I can assure you that my students are sadly in need of more enlightenment on such matters and that they're already trying to learn what they can from personal experience. Several of my 11- and 12-year-old students have confided that they have already begun to "experiment." There is currently a big controversy in my school district over a new sex-education program that would realistically address the things kids need to know in today's world. The arguments being raised against the program would be hilarious if the consequences weren't so serious.

—M. T. P. Winslow, Washington

Bits & Pieces: Congratulations on your pick of Glen R. Holscher as the first-place winner in HUSTLER's "Prison Art Contest" (*Bits & Pieces*, November 1980). He is a fine painter.

—C. A. Charleston, West Virginia

I'm writing in regard to your item on *Slave* magazine in the October 1980 *Bits & Pieces*. You don't know what you're



"Your backhand has certainly improved!"



talking about. Your apparent correlation between B&D (bondage and domination) and the "people who enjoy pulling the wings off flies as kids" doesn't wash. In our club no one fits your stereotype, and B&D and S&M (sadism and masochism) are reserved strictly for the sexual encounter. They serve the same purpose as petting and kissing.

Just for the record, no one in our group abuses their spouses, partners or children. If you cannot make the distinction between the pleasure of B&D or S&M and stimulation derived from mutilation and killing, you should refrain from commenting on the subject.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Perhaps the relationship we drew between kids who engage in sadistic pranks and people who are sexually stimulated by the act of inflicting pain was a bit stretched. But the point was simply to state that if you're into sadism, then Slave is for you.

Feedback Feedback: I'm writing in response to the author of the "Iranian Orgasm" letter in the October 1980 *Feedback* column. He was under the illusion that we Americans have had our "assholes torn into gaping potholes by Khomeini" and that we "hate his guts." I don't think most Americans hate Kho-

meini's guts. They realize that he is merely an ignorant, senile religious fanatic who is consumed with hatred. He's also very comical.

It's hard to take Khomeini seriously, since his face is imprinted on toilet paper and dart boards. He may have scored some cheap points against us with his ridiculous threats, but it's the Iranian people who are bleeding as a result of his policies. Iran is diplomatically isolated, its economy is in shambles, and what remains of its army and air force is disintegrating.

—Jennifer Williamson
San Ramon, California

I'm responding to an October 1980 *Feedback* letter from L. M. of Tacoma, Washington, who said that "without John [Kennedy] we would never have had Nam." I'd like to remind L. M. that our first "advisers" were sent to Vietnam in the late 1950s during the administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower. L. M. should have gotten the facts straight before spouting off.

—Gary M. Duncan
Birmingham, Alabama

Booze & Sex: Thank you for recommending my book, *Marriage on the Rocks* (Delacorte Press, 1979), in your October 1980 *Advise & Consent* column. It is in

the hope of helping people like the woman who wrote the letter about her alcoholic husband that the book was written. In the alcoholic marriage the sexual relationship (as all other forms of communication) breaks down. Alcoholism is an insidious disease, but as you suggest, there are ways to combat it.

—Janet G. Woititz, Ed.D.
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Girls & Boys: I'm sick of seeing cocks hanging out in HUSTLER. If I wanted to look at cocks, I'd buy a fag magazine. And don't tell me that your women readers like to see men in the photo-features. I've always thought of HUSTLER as a men's magazine—specifically a workingman's magazine. Like Jimmy Carter, HUSTLER is trying to satisfy too many people.

—F. S.
Sharpsville, Pennsylvania

I just don't understand why some fellows are objecting to HUSTLER's printing photos of cocks as well as of cunts. I'm a 24-year-old male and, like any other red-blooded American man, photos of great-looking gals and guys having sex together get me horny. The girl/boy photo-features in HUSTLER are not hard-core, but they are certainly enjoyable. My advice to you is to just ignore those guys who are complaining. Keep those cocks and cunts coming.

—Keith Stephenson
Somerset, New Jersey

I have collected almost every issue of HUSTLER, and they're all good. But when are you going to cut out this fucking girl/girl shit? Those lesbian photo-features are sickening. Do they really turn your readers on?

—M. M.
Malone, New York

Hate Mail: By some stroke of bad luck I received a stack of dirty magazines from a friend. The temptation got to me, and I read HUSTLER out of the bunch. It surprised me that a smut book would actually admit to advocating decadence and degeneracy.

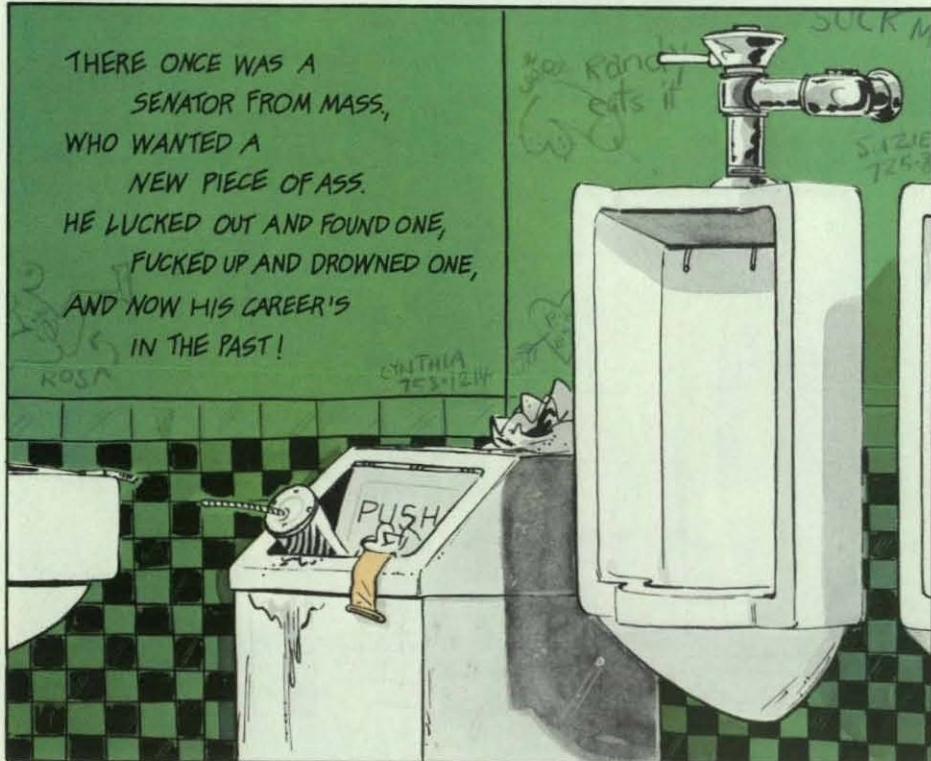
What HUSTLER has accomplished is to have taken away any charm and mystique that a woman might possess and turn it into disgusting, repulsive and rank perversion. But then again, the whores found in HUSTLER photographs couldn't be said to have any class anyway.

—M. H.
Vienna, Virginia

HUSTLER doesn't advocate decadence and degeneracy. We promote open, healthy attitudes about the human body in hopes of reducing the number of sexually repressed people like you.

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FUCKED UP AND DROWNED ONE,
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World News Roundup

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Two sex therapists have found that the importance of orgasm to a woman's sexual satisfaction has been grossly overrated. Dr. Philip Sarrel and his wife, Lorna, co-directors of the Sex Counseling Program at Yale University, found that for almost 70% of the 20,000 women who responded to a questionnaire published in "Redbook" magazine, not having an orgasm during sex was "no big thing," or that, at most, they felt "slightly frustrated." They also found that six out of ten women had an orgasm every time or almost every time they had sex--a higher incidence of orgasm than most surveys have reported to date.

A convicted sex offender was the winner of a contest that offered as first prize a date with a "Penthouse" magazine Pet of the Month model. A Michigan radio station sponsored the contest, in which a lucky male listener would be entitled to go out with the centerfold model. But when the winning name was announced on the air, the station's general manager received a call from the local prosecutor's office. He was told that the winner was a convicted sex offender who had already served time for one crime and was awaiting trial on a similar charge. When the original winner agreed the date might be a bad idea, the runner-up stepped in to take the "Penthouse" model out.

Procter & Gamble has temporarily stopped production of its Rely brand tampons, which federal officials say are linked by strong evidence to toxic-shock syndrome. Toxic-shock victims suffer a rapid drop in blood pressure that can result in sudden high fever, vomiting, diarrhea and a sunburnlike rash followed by peeling skin. A study conducted in Wisconsin in early 1980 indicated that three out of every 100,000 women of menstruating age are struck by toxic shock. Federal health officials have linked the newly recognized disease to tampons in general and to the Rely brand in particular. It is thought that an absorbency ingredient contained in Rely tampons might act as a breeding agent for the bacterium that causes toxic-shock syndrome.

A report presented to the United Nations claims that hundreds of women are condemned to death every day in Arab countries for engaging in extramarital sex--regardless if it was by choice, or if they were rape victims. The London-based Minority Rights group says that executions by throat-slashing, poisoning and being buried alive are daily occurrences in such countries as Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Israeli-occupied Arab territories. Death sentences have been given to married women for such social activities as being seen talking to a man, creating the suspicion that she has had more-intimate relations with him. Such harsh measures date from ancient tradition.

An Italian hairdresser working in Denmark, who was recently convicted of seducing minors, says he had sex with some 2,000 of his women customers. Curious husbands flocked into a Danish courthouse during the trial to learn if their wives had been one of the thousands of women 27-year-old Ernani Antico claims to have serviced. Antico said the women would request his "Italian shampoo," which meant they desired sex, not a shampoo. Antico was arrested after having sex with a 15-year-old who later recommended the amorous hairdresser to her schoolmates. So many minors came to his shop, according to Antico, that he began renting the girls out to wealthy businessmen. Sentenced to jail for a year, Antico was promptly divorced by his wife. But he has since received more than 50 proposals from Danish women willing to marry him on the day of his release from jail, thus preventing his court-ordered deportation to Italy.

A Washington, D.C., postal employee was convicted of mayhem and malicious disfigurement for taking a bite out of his girlfriend's ear. Sharon Diana Ross, 31, told a District of Columbia court that her boyfriend, Charles F. Williams, 30, demanded she dance with him after they had a fight. On the dance floor Williams whispered a warning into her ear that if she moved, he would bite it off. Ross moved, and Williams used his teeth to tear off a piece of her ear, which he spat out on the floor. Williams testified at the trial that he had had 12 to 15 drinks and only remembered whispering into her ear--not biting it.

An Athens, Greece, court upheld a ruling that a man must pay a woman for her loss of virginity if he seduced her with a false promise of marriage. In a suit against 28-year-old Christos Petrides, the court upheld a 1946 law that provides for such payment, because the "prevailing social mentality" in Greece makes it more difficult for a nonvirgin woman to find a husband. The 19-year-old woman who sued Petrides for falsely promising to marry her was awarded the equivalent of \$4,500. ☺

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"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I'm not ugly either. And I have a good sense of humor. But somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the REALLY beautiful women who turned me on. Maybe I was shy, or just awkward, I'm not sure, but I could never just walk up to that kind of woman. I'd dream about it, but I never really knew what would work. Finally, I gave up trying. I just wasn't the type of guy who picks up that really dynamite piece of ass."

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"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough. I'm having a ball—and most of that is thanks to you!"

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Virgin Blues: I am a 19-year-old male who is still a virgin. I fantasize about making love to girls, but I'm very shy and don't know how to go about "coming on" to one. How do I make an approach that ends in sex? —M. T. G.

Corpus Christi, Texas

There aren't any simple, guaranteed formulas for getting over shyness or for getting women into bed. An approach that appeals to one woman might not work at all with another. It depends largely on individual tastes. But most women appreciate a clever line or compliment. A direct, sincere attitude also will help you to carry it off.

For starters, you might consider approaching older, more experienced women. Be honest by admitting that you are shy and a virgin, which may be a big turn-on for such women. You may want to read *How to Pick Up Girls*, a humorous look at the singles scene, in the August 1977 issue of HUSTLER. It includes a review of several "how-to" books written on the same subject.

Perhaps you can begin to overcome your shyness about approaching women by developing nonsexual, platonic friendships with females. Such relationships would probably help you to be more comfortable with women in general, and some of them may even lead to sexual encounters.

Nevada Brothels: Shortly I will be moving to Nevada. Can you tell me if it's true that prostitution is legal in that state? Are there any legal brothels in Las Vegas or nearby towns? I've heard this, but it sounds too good to be true.

—J. W.
Syracuse, New York

The Nevada legislature passed a law in 1971 making prostitution illegal in counties with a population of 200,000 or more. Therefore, it has been interpreted that prostitution is legal in Nevada counties with smaller populations, because no other state laws have since been enacted against it. Individual county governments may have certain restrictions on prostitution, however. Prostitution is not legal in Las Vegas, because it's located in Clark County, which has a population of 451,000.

Walt Plankinton, who runs the Chicken Ranch brothel in adjacent Nye County (about 60 miles from Las Vegas), is the subject of a February 1980 HUSTLER profile, which you may want to read for additional information about prostitution in Nevada.

Merry Widow: I am a 52-year-old widow who has just started dating again. I really enjoy and appreciate oral sex, particularly because my husband would rarely do it. Recently I've been having orgasms just from giving my boyfriend a blowjob. Is this abnormal? It's been happening to me a lot lately. —A. W.

New York, New York

Having orgasms while giving a blowjob may be uncommon, but it's not abnormal. Women can sometimes become so aroused that they climax without any direct stimulation of their sex organs. Don't be concerned about sex giving you so much pleasure; that's what it's supposed to do. It sounds like you're making up for lost time with gusto; so stop worrying and enjoy.

Just Looking: I am a 21-year-old male, and I have a problem that has been bothering me for quite a while. Whenever I go out in public, I find myself always looking at other males and checking out how they are built. I

really get turned on by other men's bodies. A couple of months ago I had a one-night stand with a man, and I really didn't enjoy it at all. However, I still get off looking at naked males. My sex life with females is great and always has been. What's my problem? —V. C.

Teaneck, New Jersey

You may be bisexual (attracted to both men and women sexually), but it sounds like you are currently trying to sort out your sexual feelings toward men. The fact that you had a single sexual experience with a male and that it wasn't enjoyable may indicate you're not ready to accept that aspect of your sexuality right now. If you would like to understand your desires more fully, you may want to discuss them with a psychologist. The important thing is not to worry about your inclinations, but to accept and appreciate all of your sexual feelings.

Daughter's Right: I am a 24-year-old woman, and I've been living with my 28-year-old boyfriend for more than a year. My mother is pressuring us to get married. I've told her there are a lot of people who live together without being married, but she says that's not true. My mother insists that there aren't any more people living together now than there were during the '50s, when she was my

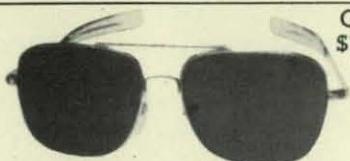


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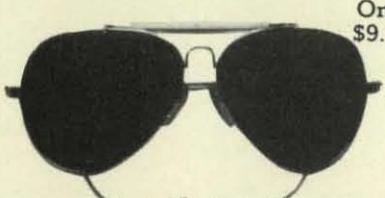
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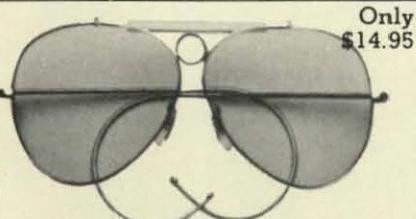
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age. She says they just talk about it more today. Who's right?

—H. K.
Merritt Island, Florida

Although the Census Bureau did not keep records during the '50s on unmarried couples residing at the same address, there are far more unwed people living together today than there were ten years ago, and it can be safely assumed that the increase since the 1950s has been significant. Paul Glick, a demographer with the Census Bureau, says: "Few developments relating to marriage and family life [in the U.S.] have been as dramatic as the rapid increase in unmarried cohabitation."

According to a recent report by sociologist Graham B. Spanier, the number of unmarried couples living together increased by 19% in a single year (1978). Census figures show that between 1970 and 1978 the number of unwed couples choosing to live together rose from 523,000 to 1,137,000.

Certainly, more people are talking about unwed cohabitation these days, but more unwed people are also living together.

Young Stud: My wife and I have been happily married for ten years, and we have two beautiful daughters. I'd like my wife to bring home a young stud so I can watch them make love, but when I mention it to her, she starts crying or gets angry. She said she would agree to it to keep me from leaving her, but that she would never feel good about it. Can you give me some advice on what I can do to handle this problem? I'd like to convince her to do it because the thought of watching her with a young guy really excites me.

—D. L.
Forest City, North Carolina

It is very dangerous to force people into sexual situations they genuinely do not feel good about. Although some couples enjoy activities like this, your wife's crying and anger are clear signs that she is not ready to satisfy this desire for you. Also, you may want to question your own motives. Many psychologists feel that husbands who want their wives to bring home other men may be experiencing latent homosexual desires.

Hairless: I am a 29-year-old male, and I don't have any hair on my body except pubic hair. Is there some product or drug that will make hair grow on my face and chest? I can't even take off my shirt at the beach, because all the other guys have hair and I feel like a wimp. What can I do?

—H. W.
Reno, Nevada

The growth of sexual hair (pubic hair, facial hair, chest hair and the hair under your armpits) is an inherited trait. You are destined at birth to grow either a little hair

or a lot. An andrologist (a doctor who specializes in male sexuality) will tell you that shots of testosterone can increase body hair, but can also cause acne, kidney problems and may even lead to prostate cancer. So most qualified physicians wouldn't recommend such treatments.

Also, certain racial groups are hairier than others. Dr. Cappy Rothman, an expert on male sexuality, finds that Caucasians seem to be the hairiest, while Orientals and American Indians seem to produce the least body hair. Blacks seem to fall somewhere in the middle when it comes to producing hair.

John Chesterman and Michael Marten, authors of the book Man to Man (Berkeley Publishing, 1980), report that males are steadily evolving to hairlessness. Perhaps that information will help you to better accept yourself. You might be a more highly evolved creature than those hairy gorillas on the beach. A lot of women prefer men who aren't hairy; so stop worrying.

No Desire: My husband and I are both in our early 20s. We have been married for six years, and both of us have always been faithful. Our problem is that I no longer have any desire for sex. I'm totally bored with it. My husband thinks it will help if we have sex with other people. However, I don't think I could stand the thought of my husband's being with another woman, and I'm worried that I'll feel guilty if I have an affair myself. Do you have any suggestions for us?

—B. J.

McComb, Mississippi

Married couples often go through periods in which either the husband or wife experiences a loss of sexual desire. Some couples find that having sex with other people breaks up the monotony they are experiencing. However, many people cannot handle the feelings of jealousy and guilt that can accompany extramarital sex.

If you think you will be overwhelmed by such feelings, don't have an affair until you understand your own sexual needs better. You seem to have qualms about having sex with other men. These are certainly legitimate, but may also indicate that you're uptight during sex with your husband. Putting a lid on your sexual feelings, for whatever reason, can lead to boredom with sex. It's also possible that you're trying to fit into a sexual role that you're not really comfortable with, and this too can result in a loss of desire for sex.

Your letter indicates that you and your husband married quite young. Perhaps you are going through some changes now—re-evaluating your goals, lifestyle, relationship, etc.—that are affecting your sexual desires. You and your husband appear to be discussing your sexual problems. You'd also benefit from openly discussing your relation-

ship in general, if you're not already doing so.

If your loss of desire continues to be a problem, you may want to consult a qualified sex therapist who can help you to discover why your interest in sex has waned.

Panty Hose: I am a 23-year-old guy, and I'd like to know if it's abnormal to find panty hose sexually exciting. When I discovered a soiled pair in my sister's bedroom one night, I had this urge to masturbate with them. Now I can't seem to stop myself from doing this all the time.

—J. J.

Erie, Pennsylvania

Many people have some sort of fetish, meaning a particular "something" that really turns them on. Lingerie and hose are not uncommon fetishes, and for some men these articles are particularly arousing if they are soiled, because of the female odors and other smells in them. (For additional information, see "Foot Fetish?" in the July 1980 *Advise & Consent*.)

You don't have anything to worry about unless your panty-hose fetish gets in the way of your developing sexual relationships with women. Fetishes can sometimes be a substitute for sex. Perhaps you are not getting enough satisfying sex, explaining why you are unable to stop yourself from masturbating with the panty hose. If you work on developing a better overall sex life, your fetish will probably become less important to you.

Unfair Fiance: My fiance and I have a pretty good sex life except for one thing. He hardly ever agrees to go down on me, although I give him blowjobs at least three times a week, and I let him come in my mouth. Is there anything I can do to make him suck my love button? I really think his attitude is unfair.

—M. E. H.

San Antonio, Texas

There isn't any way to make someone do something he doesn't want to do. However, much of your fiance's present attitude may be shaped by yours. If you bitch and complain, he's not likely to want to change.

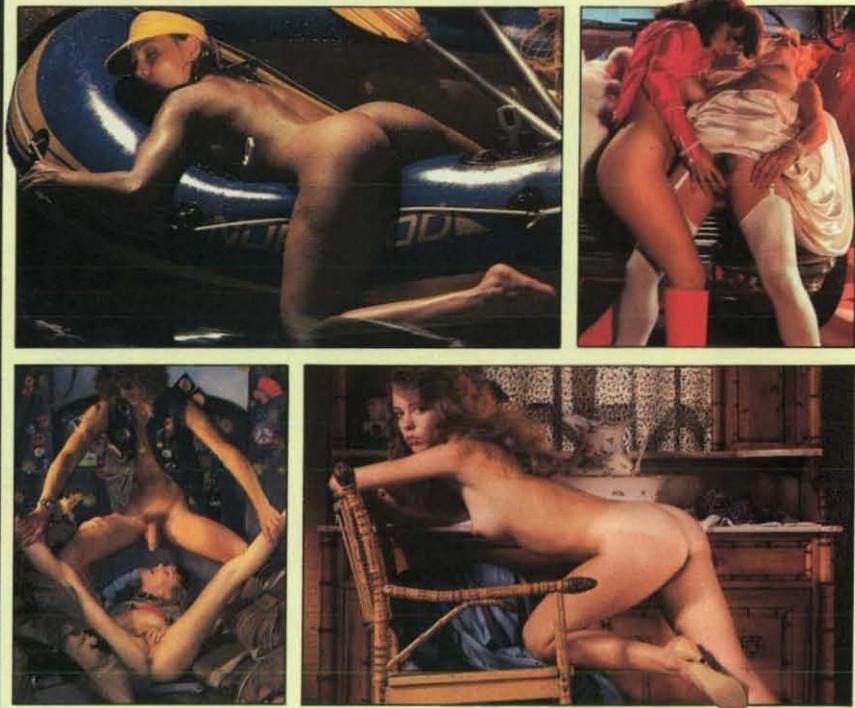
Tell him in a seductive and sensual way how good he makes you feel when he does go down on you, and he'll no doubt be more receptive to your desires. Also, a lot of men don't like to give head to a woman if her vaginal area is not clean and sweet-smelling. Make certain that you primp your genital area, and make yourself really attractive to him.

If your fiance doesn't respond at all to your wishes, you should decide how important this is to your sex life and future happiness. If his selfishness in bed is going to really bother you later, you may want to reconsider your commitment to marry him.



THIS MONTH IN **CHIC**

JANUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOW



USING THE DEAD—Take some freshly deceased human beings, put them in an automobile, crash it into a wall, and you have the makings of a ghoulish car-safety program. The use of cadavers in testing such mechanisms as harness-type seat belts and collapsing steering wheels has been one of the automakers' best-kept secrets here and abroad. M. E. Eckard's report on the bizarre way dead bodies are being used might shock you as much as the exclusive photos accompanying the article.

BABIES FOR SALE—When a couple wants a child but cannot conceive, adoption is the only alternative. But if the would-be parents don't want to wait untold years while a state-approved agency checks them out—possibly to be rejected—they may end up dealing with a black-market baby-broker. Josh Alan Friedman digs into the questionable ethics of those who prey on the vulnerable and rake in thousands of dollars in exchange for a cuddly infant.

ROBERT K. BROWN: MERCENARY & PUBLISHER—When the publisher of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine covers a story, his typewriter sometimes takes a backseat to a submachine gun. Brown and his staff have actually flown into combat to gain firsthand information and photographs for his magazine. Ben Pesta examines the man and his message.

MADE IN THE SHADE—Bobby Dade had married the boss's daughter, and his future was assured. Or so he thought until a car breakdown in the rural South brought him to the door of a farmer's voluptuous daughter. A new twist to an old tale in this steaming fiction wrought by Anton Golen.

PLUS—The lusty ladies who make CHIC the pick of the pack, more ribald humor in ODDS & ENDS, a playground of delights in CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS, and enough information to make you the captain of conversation at any cocktail party with NEWS REAL, CLOSE-UP and SEX LIFE.

Bits & Pieces

Freedom of the press is the right to report all the news without interference from the repressive hand of government. This free flow of information is so vital to our liberty that the Founding Fathers wrote it into the Constitution. But there's nothing our government would like more than to infringe on the public's right to know. Time and again in recent years the government has attempted to muzzle the press by repressive Supreme Court rulings and persecution of journalists.

The latest attack on freedom of the press has come from a high-ranking official in the Justice Department named Philip Heymann. His sneaky maneuvers against newspaper reporters have earned him the title of HUSTLER's January Asshole of the Month.

As head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, Heymann recently raped the spirit of the free press by secretly gathering the toll-call records of the *New York Times*' Atlanta Bureau. He even obtained toll-call records from the bureau chief's private home. Then he went one step farther and ordered the phone company to wait 90 days before informing the journalists involved that the government now knew who they had been talking to.

This underhanded "official" snooping has so many disturbing implications that it's hard to know where to begin. Such a boldfaced invasion of privacy is reprehensible in a free society. But even more alarming is the fact that Heymann was obviously trying to find and silence the secret sources who had been supplying the *Times* with information that

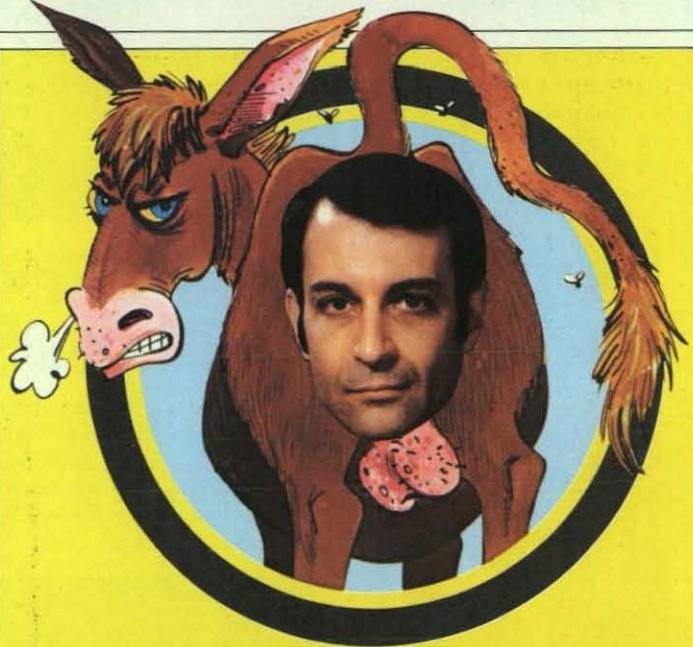
freedom of the press that he even made an end run around his department's own guidelines to do so. Government regulations prohibit secret subpoenas of news-media records.

But Heymann, acting with all the lowly demeanor of a bill-collector, went ahead and gathered the toll-call records, which technically belonged to the telephone company. Further, he acted without the knowledge of his boss, Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, who is supposed to authorize any secret subpoenas.

It's not very comforting to know that the Attorney General's authority has been undermined by an obsessed underling. But it's even more repulsive that the head of the Criminal Division is bringing back the underhanded tactics that Richard Nixon used for his notorious abuses of power. Ironically, it was Heymann who helped prosecute one of Nixon's co-conspirators, John Ehrlichman. Apparently, all he learned from that episode was how to put Nixonesque tactics into practice.

Frustrated by the lack of news coverage given to Heymann's antics, syndicated columnist William Safire asked, "Where is the fury of the press?" It's alive and raging at HUSTLER, where it's always been. HUSTLER is all too aware of the incursions on freedom of the press made in the name of "justice." The true damage of this invasion is yet to be felt.

Who knows how many fair-minded citizens will hesitate to speak up for fear of political persecution? Who knows what dirty politics will go uncovered? Thanks to Philip Heymann, we may never find out.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Philip Heymann

was important to the public.

Exposing reporters' confidential sources is the government's nastiest weapon in its war against the press. Heymann and the rest know full well that if knowledgeable insiders can't be guaranteed anonymity, they'll stop talking to reporters for fear of losing their jobs—or even their lives. That's why journalists go to jail rather than reveal who their secret sources are, because without these sources there is no way for reporters to let us know anything but what the government wants us to know.

According to the *Times*, Heymann was out to get the

sources because they had been "leaking" a government-suppressed report that linked an FBI informer to racial violence leading to murder 15 years ago in Alabama. A new trial on that murder is pending.

This high-ranking law-enforcement official is apparently more concerned about punishing his employees and keeping the public in the dark than he is about getting at the truth. It's a sad commentary on government ethics when moral issues take a backseat to bureaucratic ass-covering.

And Heymann is so adamant in his quest to trample

Cosmo's Topper

These photos from the September 1980 issue of *Cosmopolitan* accompanied an article on "tips, tricks and techniques" to beautify the female breast. What the article really conveyed is how women can deceive men into thinking they've got perfect-10 tits. It suggested everything from using cleavage makeup to taping breasts together! What are we to make of this attitude?

HUSTLER is often unfairly

criticized for supposedly showing women only as sex

objects. But *Cosmo* has taken this stereotype to such a ridiculous extreme that it becomes an insult to womanhood. Does a *Cosmo* woman have to "fake it" to catch her man? HUSTLER knows that when you fool a man at dinner, you'll just disappoint him in bed. Remember, *Cosmo*... it's not nice to fool with Mother Nature.



Ads We'd Like to See

**WHEN
YOU'RE
HOT...
YOU'RE
HOT.**

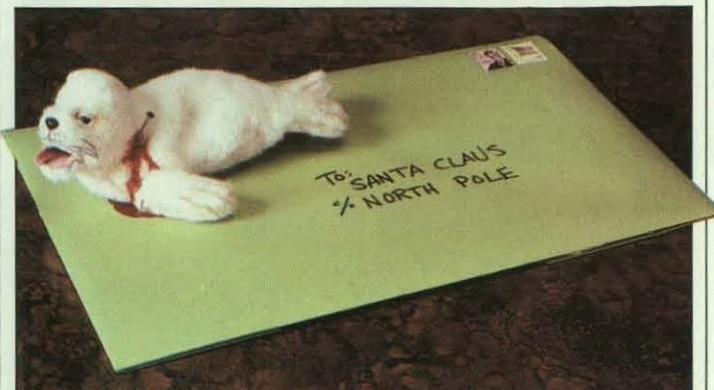
"Me and my partner had been drinking this Jamaican rum called Overproof... next thing I know I was on fire."

—Richard Pryor

An advertisement for C. White Overproof Jamaican Rum. It features a portrait of comedian Richard Pryor with a cigarette in his mouth. A bottle of rum and a glass of rum and Coke are also shown. The text includes a quote from Richard Pryor about getting drunk and catching fire, and a slogan encouraging readers to try the rum with Coke.

TRY THE RUM THAT'S GOT ALL AMERICA TALKING. GOES GREAT WITH COKE TOO.

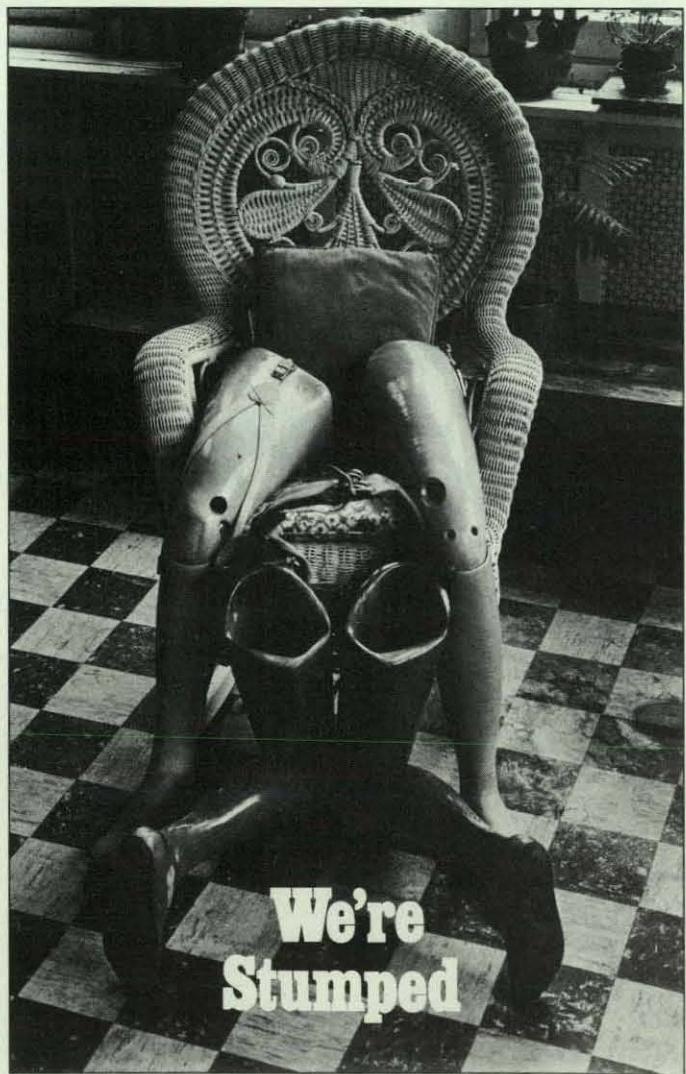
OVERPROOF RUM 131 PROOF



Don't Forget to Use Christmas Seals

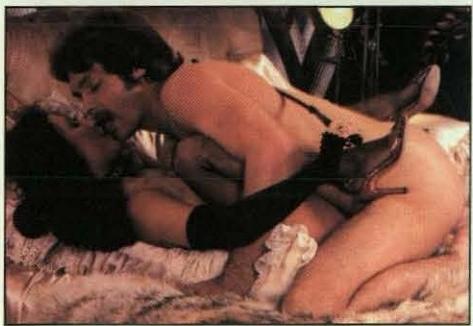
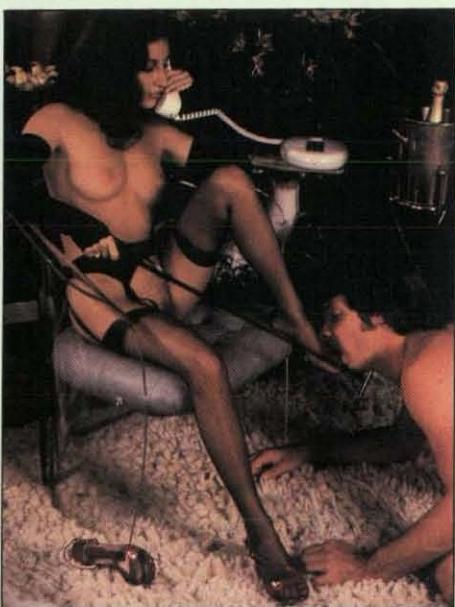
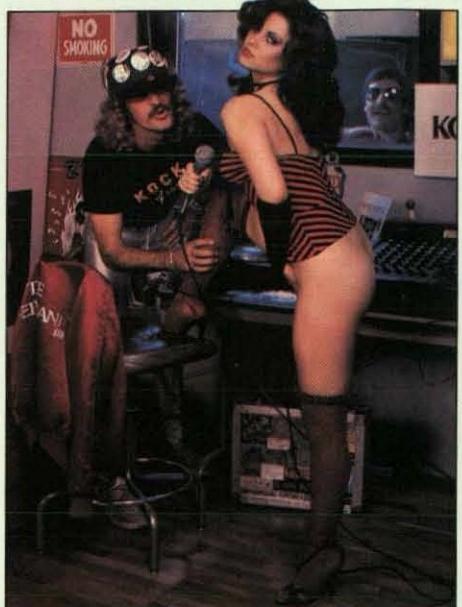
HUSTLER wants to remind its readers to put Christmas Seals on all their holiday mail this year. Although we've heard about people who prefer to save the seals, HUSTLER feels it's

better to put them to good use. And they're really not much more difficult to apply than an ordinary postage stamp—you just have to lick 'em a little harder.



This strange photo was sent to us by a reader without any explanation. As far as we can

tell, it's a picture of amputee sex—but someone forgot to tell the amputees.



KOCK Rock FM -169

Suze Randall, HUSTLER's favorite lady of the lens, has just completed her first feature-length film. Available currently on videocassette, this hot new flick is entitled *KOCK ROCK FM-169* (the title will be *Kiss and Tell* for the picture's theatrical release). It's a lusty look into the world of a call-in radio sex-talk show.

The host, deejay Dirty Dan, conducts

phone interviews while Suze's cameras show the intimate and kinky sex action at the other end of the line. Boosted by a cast of great-looking girls (including HUSTLER's December 1980 centerfold, Tipi, shown above in the red-striped top), this film could bring back radio.

KOCK ROCK FM-169 can be obtained on videocassette from Newave (P.O. Box 66245, Los Angeles, California 90066) for \$89.95 plus \$3 for postage and handling.

Harvey Revisited

Harvey has reached puberty. Although it still hasn't achieved literacy and generally bores the hell out of us, *Harvey* has developed faster than most of the men's mags on the block. Using photos that border on hardcore, *Harvey* (Suite 2305, 450 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10001) has changed significantly from the soft and mushy magazine we reviewed in our February 1980 issue. As

you can see in this photo, *Harvey* has set itself apart from the other skin publications. Of course, it's still a one-dimensional mag that appeals only to those who like more-explicit photos. But we were glad to see the change—a hard magazine is good to find.



Take a Closer Look

She's not wearing anything—but paint. What appears to be jeans and a vest is just a skillfully applied coat of body paint. This clever deception is one of four posters available from Second-Glance Studios (P.O. Box 3611, San Francisco, California 94119) for \$6.50 each. The whole set is only \$19.50.

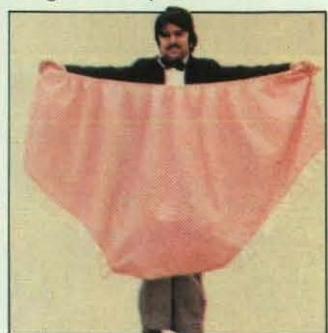
While it's a great idea for a poster, it's a rotten idea for clothing... one shower and your wardrobe's down the drain.





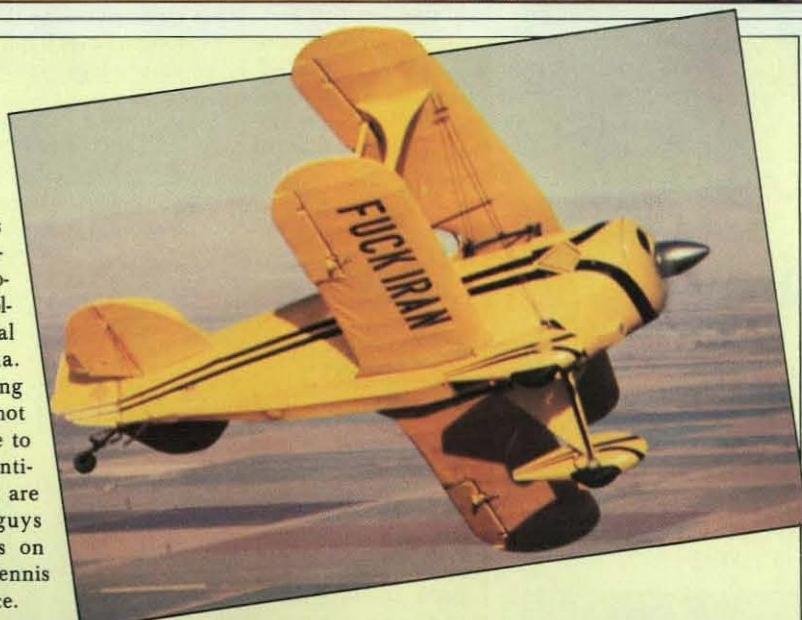
Health Hazard

These photos from the German magazine *Stern* (2 Hamburg 36, Warburgstrasse 50, West Germany) are to remind you that there are times when you simply don't ask a woman to sit on your face. Likewise, this is also a good time to remember that a soiled-panty fetish could be dangerous to your health.



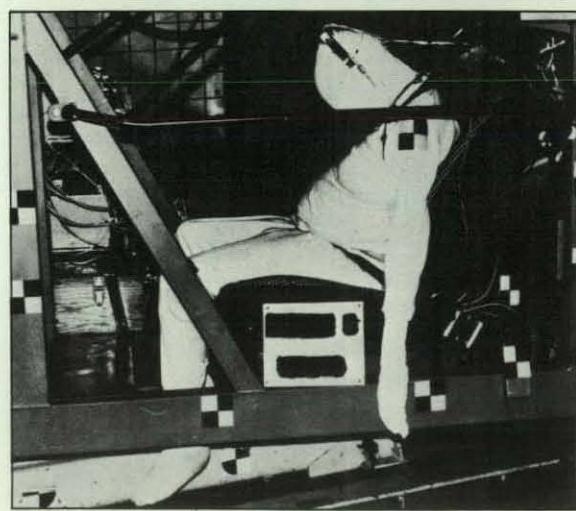
On the Wing

This plane belongs to Dennis Schwettmann, an aerial photographer and school-teacher in Imperial Valley, California. Dennis had a flying buddy take this shot from another plane to show how high sentiments against Iran are running. Some guys wear their feelings on their sleeves, but Dennis found a better place.



Hung Like a Horse

Here's one time you *do not* want to get it straight from the horse's mouth! We've heard this guy brag that he can get it up to a gallop every night, but his girlfriend tells us he prefers to hit the hay.



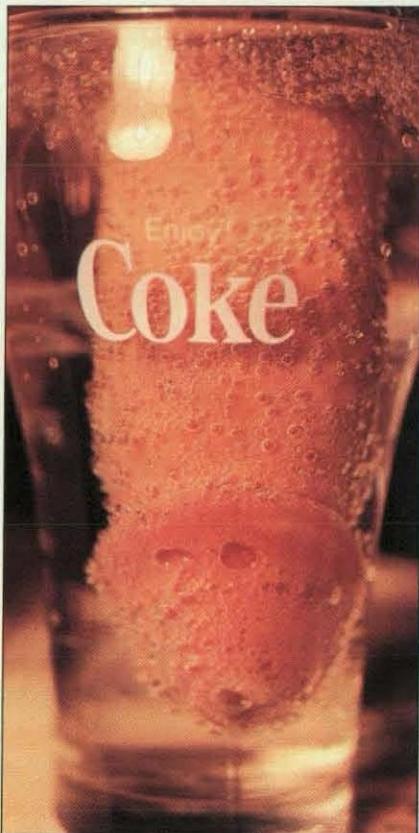
Death at the Wheel

Do you know that dead bodies are being used in car-crash research? In a hard-hitting exposé, CHIC—HUSTLER's sister publication—delves into the little-known use of cadavers to test body damage in accident situations. Accompanied by exclusive shocking photos (like the one shown here), the article, *Using the Dead*, raises questions about the reliability of this testing and its moral implications. With smaller, less-protective autos flooding the market and 50,000 people dying on the highways annually, this is an investigative work you *must* read. It's on newsstands now!

Things Go Better With...

We've heard of rum-and-Coke, bourbon-and-Coke... but this combination is a new one on us. Actually, the reader who sent us this photograph was a bit confused. He probably had read Errol Flynn's autobiography, which claims that the swash-buckling '30s movie star put coke (not the bubbly kind) on his cock in order to maintain an erection.

If the guy whose carbonated cock is shown here keeps this up... he's just going to get corrosion.

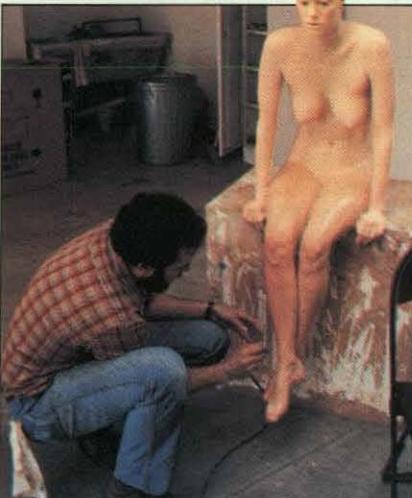


Just Like a Woman

Without the benefit of Adam's rib, John DeAndrea makes women. Statues of women, that is. But his works are so lifelike, you'd have a hard time telling the difference.

DeAndrea's women are made from molds of his live female models and sculpted in soft, fleshlike vinyl. To enhance the realism, he adds real hair to their heads, underarms and crotches.

Since it takes several months of painstaking labor to complete just one of these statues, the price is under-



standably high. But when you consider what it costs to feed

and clothe a real woman in these days of double-digit inflation, it could be a bargain in the long run.

For additional information, write John DeAndrea at 1235 Pierce Street, Lakewood, Colorado 80214.



Farm Hands

Farm-labor leaders like Cesar Chavez have told us that the hands in the field were constantly being uprooted, but we had no idea it was anything quite like this! *HUSTLER* is calling for an end to these deplorable conditions.

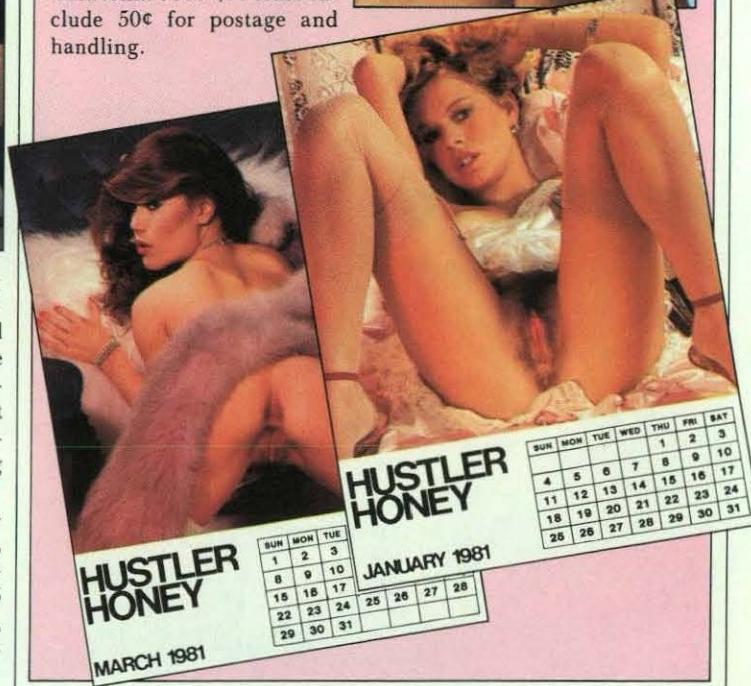
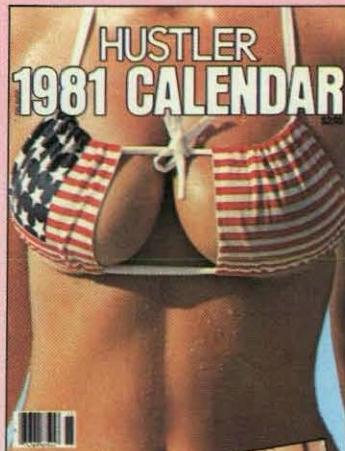
It's time that these farm-owners stopped getting a hand and started getting the finger!



A Very Good Year

Just like fine wine, the *HUSTLER* Calendar gets better with every year. There's nothing like changing the month and finding one of our girls there to greet you with open legs. So don't wait around until New Year's to get the dates you've always wanted.

The *HUSTLER* Calendar is available at your local newsstand, or you can order it for \$2.95 from Flynt Subscription Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067). Please include 50¢ for postage and handling.





Son of a Gun

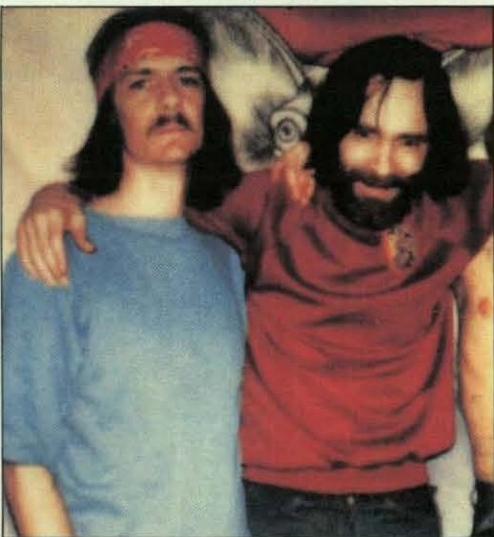
Could this be a new form of artificial insemination? It worked once, back in 1863. According to a 106-year-old issue of the *American Medical Weekly*, a bullet that blew away the left testicle of a Confederate soldier continued past him and pierced the ovary of a nearby nurse. Nine months later she gave birth. Her doctor's conclusion was that the slug picked up some sperm from the soldier's testicle and deposited it in the woman's ovary, causing her to become pregnant.

What do modern medical experts say about the chances of this sort of thing happening? Declares Dr. Paul Ritter, a St. Louis, Missouri, gynecologist, "It's a long shot."

Pen Pals

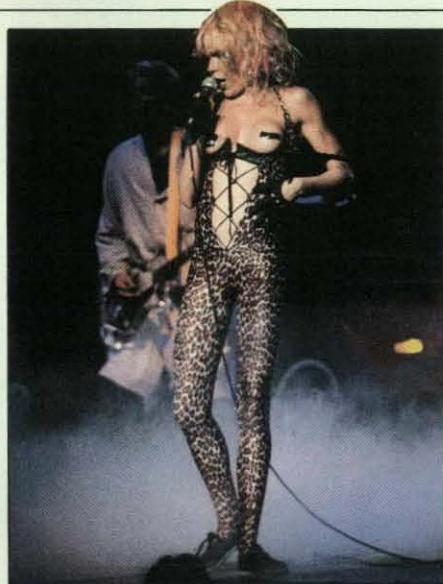
It's been said that prison makes strange bedfellows. Well, none could be any stranger than these two cons. According to the faithful reader who sent us this photograph, that's Willie Carter Spann (President Jimmy Carter's black-sheep nephew and *HUSTLER*'s favorite *Update*) on the left and "Smilin'" Charlie Manson on the right. The snapshot was reportedly tak-

en at the California Medical Facility's Protective Custody Housing Unit, where the two jailbirds met. Rumors are that they're just good friends.



A Good Set of Lungs

Here's a shot of Stiff recording artists the Plasmatics, taken by rock photographer Larry Baschkin during a performance by this outlandish New York punk-rock band. The singer letting it all hang out is Wendy Williams, an obvious crowd-pleaser. Onstage, the band's male members often dress up in feminine outfits like French-maid costumes and nurse's uniforms. But Wen-



dy's revealing attire should make it easy enough for the audience to distinguish the boys from the girls.

Rubber Check

At least this way there's no penalty for early withdrawal.

Dick Long
829 High Sex Drive
West Libido Heights, CA 90069

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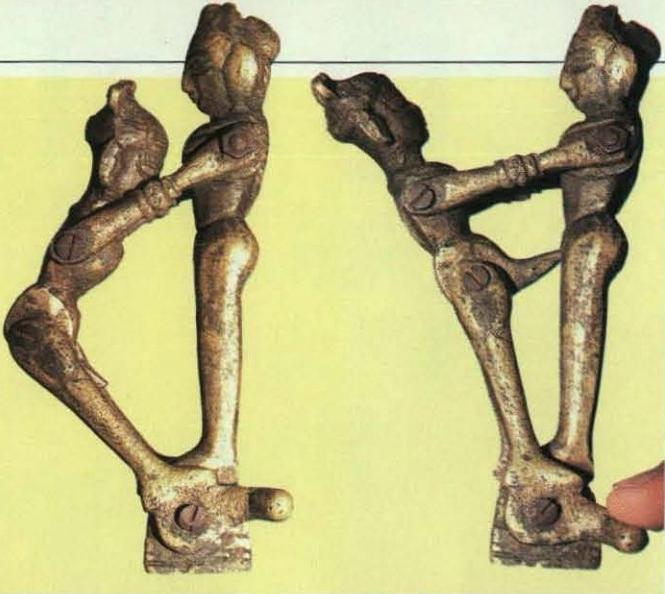
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Brass Balls

These solid-brass figurines are part of a collection of replicas of ancient statuettes from India that depict the act of sexual intercourse. This model, the only one with moving parts, is affectionately called the "Nutcracker."

If we stuck our moving parts into a solid-brass cunt, we'd probably call it that too.

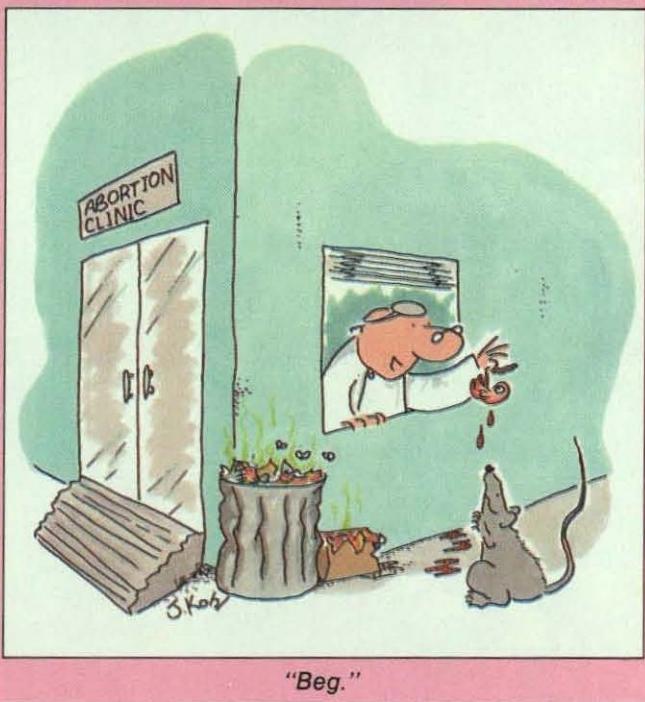
The "Nutcracker" (it actually *can* crack nuts) is approximately five inches tall and is available for \$13.50 from Klein Associates (P.O. Box 574, Encino, California 91316).



Turning a Trick With a John

We've heard that there are girls who do this even better. As a matter of fact, they can do a bit of magic for us that this guy can't—turning a \$20 bill into a good time.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



A Dog and His Bone

We hope that the wife of the reader who took this photograph stayed at home during this shooting. If not...she's fuckin' goofy.

HUSTLER Update



AMERICA'S 10 WORST CONGRESSMEN November '80

We reported in this article that Robert K. Dornan (Rep.-California) was an embarrassment to his colleagues. Apparently, Dornan embarrassed himself recently, when he falsely accused his Democratic challenger, Carey Peck, of accepting an illegal \$13,000 contribution from convicted felon James H. Dennis. Federal law places a \$1,000 limit on individual campaign donations.

Dennis had reportedly supplied this information to Dornan while serving a six-month sentence for fraud. In exchange, Dornan had allegedly agreed to use his influence to obtain better treatment for the prisoner. Upon his release, Dennis denied that Peck had accepted the money and said that he only told the story to Dornan to get more prison privileges. A Justice Department probe also found Peck to be free of any wrong-doing. Dornan later said he was going to drop the matter from his campaign.

EXECUTION:
LEGALIZED
MURDER
May '77



In our special "Prison Issue" we discussed the horrors of capital punishment. It dealt with the legal means of execution at the time—electric chair, gas chamber, gallows and firing squad. A new method, injection of a lethal dose of anesthetic, has since become legal in several states. However, in an apparent rebuke, the American Medical Association has resolved that a doctor "should not be a participant" in such an execution.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting items for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For January, \$150 and thanks to D. E. Schwettmann, L. Bashkin, Bob Pierce, G. T. Photos, Irwin Melvin and Earl Kirk.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressner

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

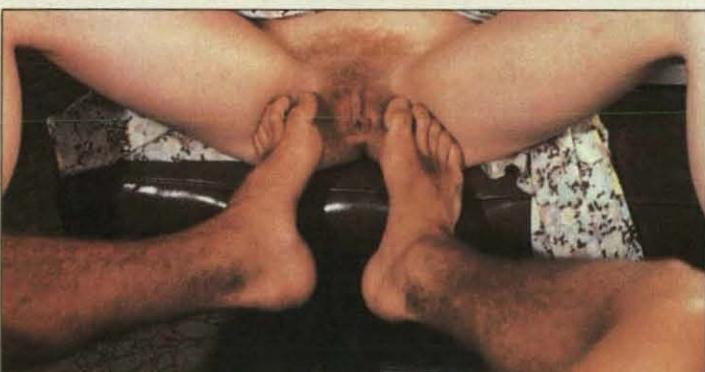
Taboo

Produced and written by Helene Terrie; directed by Kirdy Stevens; starring Kay Parker, Mike Ranger, Juliet Anderson, Tawny Pearl, Dorothy LeMay and Miko Yama.

In 1979 a major Hollywood studio released a movie called *Luna*, which was about a sexual relationship between a mother and her son. The flick bombed critically and at the box office because of its overwrought, unrealistic depiction of incest. Now the porn world has given us *Taboo*, a film dealing with the same subject matter in a far more honest, erotic and perhaps more intelligent manner.

The amazingly voluptuous Kay Parker portrays a housewife and mother whose husband leaves her for a younger woman. As a result of her plight, she becomes very close emotionally to her son (Mike Ranger). Newly divorced, she tries to meet men by going on blind dates and to wild parties, but none of the guys she encounters really turn her on. Meanwhile, her son is having the time of his life balling his schoolmates. Eventually the mother seduces him while he is asleep. When he wakes up to discover what's happening, they continue their tender lovemaking.

Incest is not an easy subject to deal with in an adult film, but *Taboo* manages to handle



'*Taboo*': Mike Ranger and Dorothy LeMay go head over heels.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	ERECTION A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
	HALF ERECT So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
	TOTALLY LIMP A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

the controversial topic quite tactfully. The audience is carefully and psychologically warmed up for the incestuous confrontation between the characters during a scene in which the son watches his mother playing with herself. This moment is one of the most torrid parts of the picture. The mother begins rubbing her cunt and squeezing her nipples while the boy stands in the doorway, eager to make love to her.

Kay Parker and Mike Ranger deliver fine performances in difficult roles. The sex scenes in *Taboo* are incredible, especially during a hot party sequence when more than ten people get together to form a fucking-and-sucking daisy chain. But incest is not a topic that everyone will find erotic, and some viewers will undoubtedly be turned off by *Taboo*'s view of motherly love.

-J. R.

Champagne for Breakfast

Produced and directed by Chris Warfield; written by John Hayes; starring Leslie Bovee, John Leslie, Kandi Barbour, Candida Royalle, Bonnie Holliday, Michael Morrison, Dorothy LeMay, Kay Parker, Blair Harris and Sharon Kane.

Traditionally, adult films have centered around the sex-plots of well-hung studs who defile every female they meet. But *Champagne for Breakfast* is a movie that offers a woman's perspective of eroticism. It's a fast-paced story about a lady executive who wants to explore the limits of her sexuality. A witty script, fine acting and plenty of red-hot hard-core scenes make this X-rated flick one that both men and women can get off on.

The film opens in the executive headquarters of the Britton Cosmetic Company, where Champagne (Leslie Bovee) has just been promoted to a vice-presidential position. Before starting her new duties, however, she decides to take a two-week leave of absence to experience those erotic vistas she ignored while climbing the corporate ladder to success. Seeking



John Leslie cavorts with Sharon Kane in 'Champagne for Breakfast.'

protection, she hires a homosexual bodyguard/chauffeur played by John Leslie.

Her escort is not really queer though; he's just pretending to be effeminate in order to get the

job. During her vacation Champagne runs the gamut of sexual adventure by having a lesbian encounter, a rough affair with an oil worker, and group sex with a gang of male hookers.

But toward the end of her two-week holiday she falls in love with her bodyguard and realizes that the best kind of balling is between a man and a woman who actually care for each other.

Champagne for Breakfast features some of the most beautiful women in porn. Kandi Barbour, Sharon Kane, Kay Parker and Dorothy LeMay all appear in short, yet highly sensual, scenes. And Leslie Bovee delivers a realistic performance in the title role; even her squeals of ecstasy seem natural and unrehearsed. The top acting honor, though, must go to John Leslie. He drops his usual macho-man act and gives a hilarious portrayal of a straight guy pretending to be gay.

So don't miss *Champagne for Breakfast*—and bring your lady to see it too. Chances are, this picture will make both of you feel lighthearted and lusty.

—J.R.

Lisa Rush, Jesie St. James and Cyrus James.

An outrageous spoof on sex research, *Randy, the Electric Lady* spotlights Desiree Cousteau in perhaps her most appealing role ever. She portrays Randy, a winsome young woman who enrolls in a San Francisco sex clinic to learn how to achieve orgasm. But she and her lovely classmates are unaware that the clinic's director—an evil doctor played by Juliet Anderson—is out to discover the secret of the orgasm and use that information to rule the world.

When Randy is hooked up to a computer that malfunctions during her first-ever orgasm, several hundred sexual scenarios are programmed into her nervous system. This computer foul-up transforms her from a woman who can't come for love or money into a woman who'll climax over just about anything. Furthermore, an aphrodisiacal chemical dubbed Orgasmine is found in Randy's bloodstream.

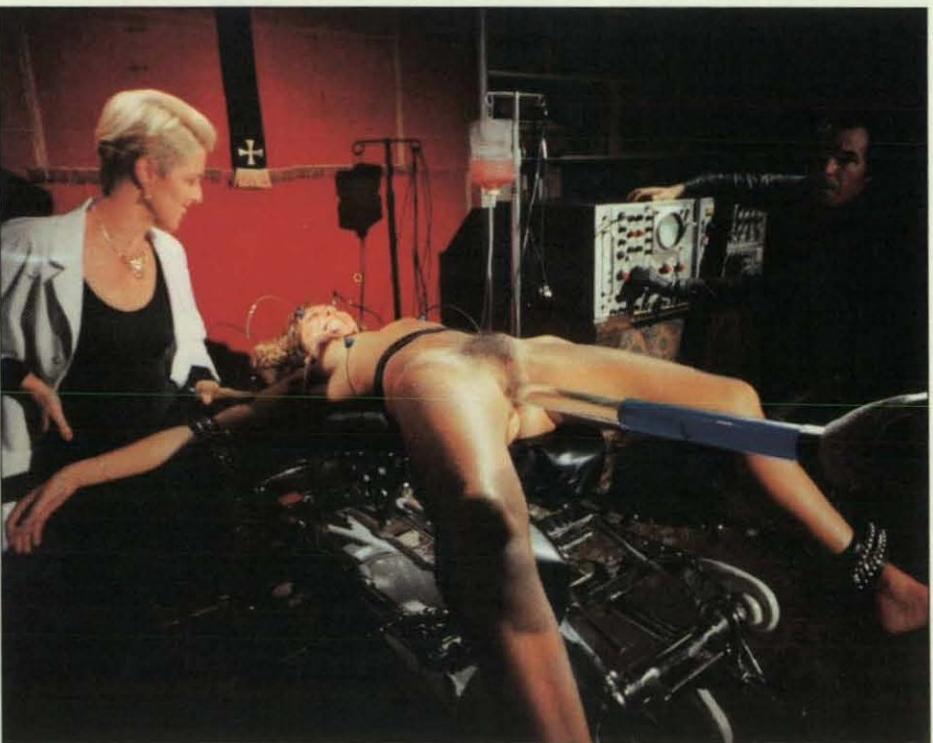
When this chemical is extracted from her body and ingested by another person, the result is instant horniness followed by pure ecstasy. One of the most erotic scenes in the film occurs when two of the clinic's staff scientists (Roger Frazer and Monica Sands) take

Randy, the Electric Lady

Produced and directed by Phillip Schuman; written by Phillip Schuman, Ben Van Meter and Norwood Pratt; starring Desiree Cousteau, Monica Sands, Roger Frazer, Juliet Anderson,



In 'Randy, the Electric Lady,' star Desiree Cousteau is a doctor's lover (left), while Juliet Anderson is a fiendish scientist (right).



Orgasmine and make love all night long.

The director of the clinic and her slimy, leather-garbed side-kick (Cyrus James) capture Randy and attempt to drain her body of the potent love potion. Meanwhile, the staff scientists—who have both become Randy's lovers—do their best to save the damsel in distress. But all these cloak-and-dagger aspects of the film take a back-seat to the sex, which is of the highest and hottest quality throughout.

Randy is extremely well-crafted. The sets are realistic, the photography skillful and the editing smooth. The screenplay, which was reported to have been written originally by Terry Southern (*Dr. Strangelove*, *Candy*, *Blue Movie*), is fast-moving and clever. Only the acting is a bit overdone at times, veering into campy exaggeration more often than it probably should. But for the sheer power of its extraordinary sex scenes and its fine production values, *Randy, the Electric Lady* is a film that porno audiences are sure to enjoy.

—Jonathan King

Games Women Play

Produced and directed by Chuck Vincent; written by Chuck Vincent and Jimmy James; starring Leslie Bovee, Samantha Fox, Merle Michaels, Kelly Nichols, Jack Wrangler, Roger Caine, Frank Adams, Randee Styles, Ron Jeremy, Ron Hudd and Eric Ryan.

Director, producer and screenwriter Chuck Vincent has made a number of exceptionally good porno films in his career, including *Bon Appetit*, *Fascination* and *Jack 'n' Jill*. But with *Games Women Play*, Vincent has delivered his most triumphantly titillating movie to date. Each sex scene in *Games* is a work of erotic genius.

The story, which revolves around several middle-class New York couples who enjoy playing sex games, is very simple. What sets this film ahead of the usual X-rated fare is the skillful character development, dramatic acting and expert technical work.

In one scene, four men are

playing cards while waiting for a hooker to arrive. Although they're expecting a sleazy slut, a different type of call girl shows up—a dignified, alluring beauty portrayed by Kelly Nichols. Nichols gives a dazzling performance, both dramatically and sexually, as she fucks all the card players. It's

Throughout *Games Women Play* Vincent breaks with the boring porno tradition of girl-eats-boy/boy-eats-girl/boy-fucks-girl. Although there are plenty of sex scenes, Vincent doesn't depend on tediously long and impersonal close-ups of a cunt being rammed by an anonymous cock. Instead, the



Leslie Bovee and Roger Caine shimmer with ecstasy in 'Games.'

an episode so exciting that viewers will be tempted to rush the screen!

In another fantastic sequence the love-hate relationship between a bitter young executive (Jack Wrangler) and his wife (Merle Michaels) is explored. Their lovemaking is fired off by the executive's appetite for violence. However, his anger soon turns to passion, and they fuck with an indescribable fury. Filled with tremendous emotion and energy, this scene is a sensational turn-on.

characters are seen as people with real feelings. For this reason, the fuck scenes are more natural, believable and ultimately more erotic.

Games Women Play is the movie that discriminating porno-goers have waited a long time for. It's perhaps the first truly mature film for adult audiences, and proof positive that X-rated pictures are coming of age artistically. More than just a fuck-and-suck flick, *Games* is an erotic experience you'd be a fool to miss. —Manny Neuhaus

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

- Bon Appetit
- Dracula Exotica
- Education of the Baroness
- Fantasy
- Fascination
- For the Love of Pleasure
- Her Name Was Lisa
- Platinum Paradise
- Sensational Janine
- Talk Dirty to Me
- The Budding of Brie

Three-Quarters Erect

- Caligula
- Coed Fever
- F (Dream Girl of F)
- Frat House
- Insatiable
- Kate and the Indians
- October Silk
- Pink Champagne
- Plato's—The Movie
- Secrets of a Willing Wife
- Sizzle
- The Pink Ladies
- Tigresses—and Other Maneaters
- Ultra Flesh

Half Erect

- Chopstix
- Double Your Pleasure
- Female Athletes
- Fulfilling Young Cups
- Hot Legs
- John Holmes, Superstar
- Olympic Fever
- Robins Nest
- Screwballs
- The Girls of Mr. X
- Two Sisters
- Vista Valley P.T.A.

One-Quarter Erect

- Dracula Sucks
- Inside Desiree Cousteau
- Mystique

Totally Limp

- Carnal Highways
- Honey Throat
- I Am Always Ready
- Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Air Powered

Produced by Richard H. Childers; text by Elyce Wakerman; designed by Bob Zoell, Rick Probst and W. Scott Griffiths; Random House, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$25

During prehistoric times a caveman put his hand flat against a wall and blew colored pigment on it through a hollow bone, leaving an outline of his hand on the wall. That primitive picture, which still exists in a cave in southwestern France, is considered the first piece of artwork using the airbrush technique.

Today airbrushes are much more complicated than that first simple bone. Modern airbrushes are about the size of a large ball-point pen. A trigger on the brush releases a jet of air that mixes with paint to produce a light, almost translucent, color. The airbrush itself never touches the canvas; yet it shouldn't be confused with spray-painting. Spray-painting produces a thicker, blotchy coat of paint, while airbrushing can deliver anything from a fine line to a huge glob of blemishless pigment.

Air Powered: The Art of the Airbrush is the definitive book on this amazing technique. It contains many reproductions of airbrushed paintings, including several portfolios of masters in this field. Included are a clutch of artists whose works have appeared in *HUSTLER* and *CHIC*, such as Charles White III, Peter Lloyd, Pamela Clare, Mick Haggerty and Peter Palombi. The most well-known artist featured in *Air Powered*, however, is Alberto Vargas. He's the creator of "The Vargas Girl," the plastic-looking, cheesecake-posed "ideal" woman who first appeared in *Esquire* magazine and later in *Playboy*.

In addition to the hundreds of colorful paintings, a brief history of airbrushing is recounted. There are also sections on the use of the technique in retouching old photographs, a



complete bibliography and a special manual that explains how to operate an airbrush. About 90 people participated in the preparation of this dazzling book, and it's obvious that all of them have a deep love for this type of art.

"Using an airbrush is like playing the violin," says artist John Van Hamersveld in the book's introduction. "It's all in the touch, and it's very mesmerizing."

After gazing at *Air Powered* for just a few hours, you'll see how right he is.

Freud for Beginners

By Richard Appignanesi; illustrated by Oscar Zarate; Pantheon Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$2.95

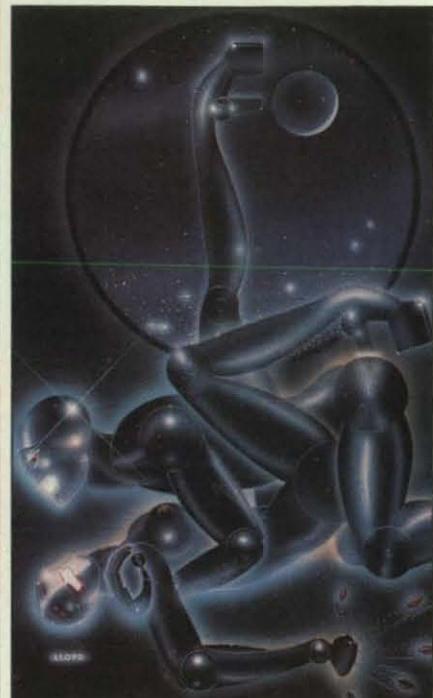
During World War II this country mobilized to an almost-miraculous degree. Teenagers and housewives, retirees and professional people swarmed into factories to replace workers entering the armed forces.

Teaching methods got overhauled along with everything else, and what emerged was the "teaching comic book." The makeshift workers, many of whom could barely read and write, learned how to do their new jobs by looking at pictures with captions. And they did so with a speed and thoroughness that horrified many educators.

There's no reason why the same sort of teaching can't be used for any subject—including a highly technical one—even without a national emergency. Richard Appignanesi and Oscar Zarate have the method down cold. This little paperback is as good an introduction to the history, theory and practice of psychoanalysis as you will find.

Here you have a biography of Freud, touching on everything and everybody really important to himself and his work, from Carl Jung and Adolf Hitler to cocaine and cancer. Along with this you get a concise account of Freud's work—how he came to think the way he did. You get an idea of the work and

'Air Powered' is the definitive volume about the dazzling world of airbrush painting. This book contains hundreds of reproductions of colorful, dynamic works using this technique, including Robert Grossman's wholesome sex kitten (left) and Peter Lloyd's fantasy of robot sex (below). For those who are fascinated by popular illustration and revolutionary graphic design, 'Air Powered' is truly an indispensable work.



thinking he *really* did, not just the attitudes he is credited with—or blamed for.

This is a clear view of a brilliant and tortured man, and by no means a poop-sheet for a legend. In addition, there's a glossary—Appignanesi calls it a "Little Dictionary"—of psychoanalytic terms, and a good list of books about Freud.

One thing I didn't like too much is Zarate's cartoons of Freud himself. Sigmund was no dreamboat, but he surely wasn't the little wharf-rat that this book's sketches imply. But that's a quibble. *Freud for Beginners* is highly recommended.

Erotic Communications

By George N. Gordon; Hastings House, Publishers, 10 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016; \$18.95

This volume is a package of really valuable material about sex, sin and censorship. Whether we realize it or not, all of us are being bombarded

daily with sexual messages from advertisements, movies, books and magazines. *Erotic Communications* is a prime source of information concerning these messages. It includes everything from amusing anecdotes about the porn-film world to the monumental decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court regarding freedom of speech.

For example, did you know that porno filmmakers sometimes squirt fake jism on actresses in X-rated flicks when the actors can't produce enough of their own? According to this book, the ersatz cum is a mixture of egg whites, milk and sugar.

If you're interested in the history of dirty movies or the methodology of modern sex researchers, *Erotic Communications* covers these two topics and much, much more. It even includes the story of a 19th-century bluenose, Anthony Comstock, one of the earliest crusaders for censorship.

Author George N. Gordon has a wild and often uncontrollable sense of humor, but at the same time he's a top-grade scholar, journalist and teacher. Although he makes a number of astute observations, I'd like to throw a couple of rocks at his book.

First of all, the narrative contains hundreds of run-on sentences and typographical errors. The irony, of course, is that Gordon is supposed to be an expert in communication. Another thing I didn't like about the book was that the footnotes are located at the end of the

volume. Gordon's footnotes are informative, wise and occasionally hilarious. But flipping to the back of the book to read them is inconvenient and disruptive. Footnotes, obviously, belong at the foot of the page.

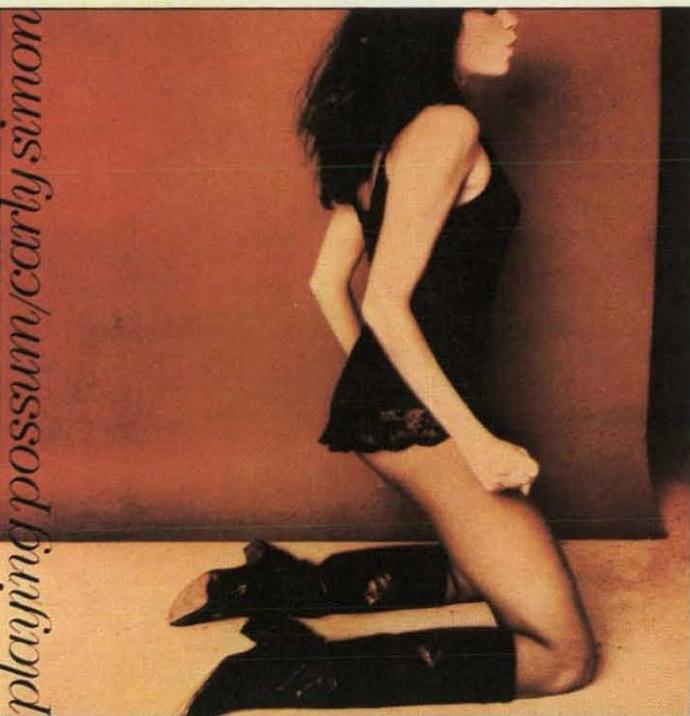
New legislation and laws concerning the erotic communications that Gordon discusses are being enacted all the time. Recently, in fact, the Supreme Court handed down a crucial decision about the freedom of speech.

In *Richmond Newspapers, Inc., v. Virginia*, Justice William J. Brennan declared: "The First Amendment embodies more than a commitment to free expression and communicative interchange for their own sakes; it has a structural role to play in securing and fostering our republican system of self-government." The First Amendment is linked "to the process of communication necessary for a democracy to survive." Think about that.

The Illustrated History of Rock Album Art

By Angie Errigo and Steve Lean-ing; Octopus Books, Ltd., 59 Grosvenor Street, London, England; \$9.95

The Illustrated History of Rock Album Art is shaped like a record jacket, only thicker. Inside are more than 200 reproductions of album covers, most in color and all beautiful. Besides the covers, the book gives a fascinating history of rock music



Popular singer Carly Simon reveals her sensuous side in 'Rock Album Art.'

from its beginnings in the early 1950s to the present.

After reading *Rock Album Art*, you're certain to look at your own record collection with a sense of appreciation for the artwork on the jackets. And you'll probably realize that you have a veritable art gallery sitting next to your stereo. Looking at my own album collection made me think of the tides and currents of musical and social history that it reflects. Many of the records I've wanted, however, are no longer in print and are now difficult to find. But in *Rock Album Art* the great covers of these rare discs are displayed in mint condition.

One intriguing section of the book deals with the way black musicians have been treated by the recording industry over the years. In the 1950s rock 'n' roll was called "a white rip-off of rhythm and blues." Promoting black artists was thought to be a poor sales maneuver, the authors note, probably because of the "earthy sexuality implicit in much of rhythm and blues."

As a result of these racist and sexually repressive attitudes, the images of many black performers were changed on record covers. For example, on one cover, black musician Fats Domino is dressed in a conservative business suit, looking sheepish and afraid.

While most album jackets during the '50s merely depicted the performers, covers in the late '60s and early '70s made full use of marketing gimmicks. Jimi Hendrix's bold *Electric Ladyland* jacket depicted a bevy of naked women gazing directly at the camera. And on the Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers* album cover, created by Andy Warhol, a real zipper was pasted over a close-up of lead singer Mick Jagger's pants.

Rock Album Art is one of those "must-buy" books. It's a super package at a low price, with hundreds of mind-bending items that'll make you really appreciate cover designs.



'Rock Album Art': A bevy of naked women adorn the jacket of Jimi Hendrix's bold 'Electric Ladyland' record.



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A woman lies on an examination table as sex researchers photograph and document what many people might call a miracle: She is ejaculating. This is happening because a small area deep within her vagina has been stimulated.

But this woman is not a freak of science. She has learned what many other women will soon be discovering: There is a small trigger inside the female vagina that produces an intense, "inner-vaginal" orgasm that causes a woman to ejaculate a sticky fluid similar to a man's semen.

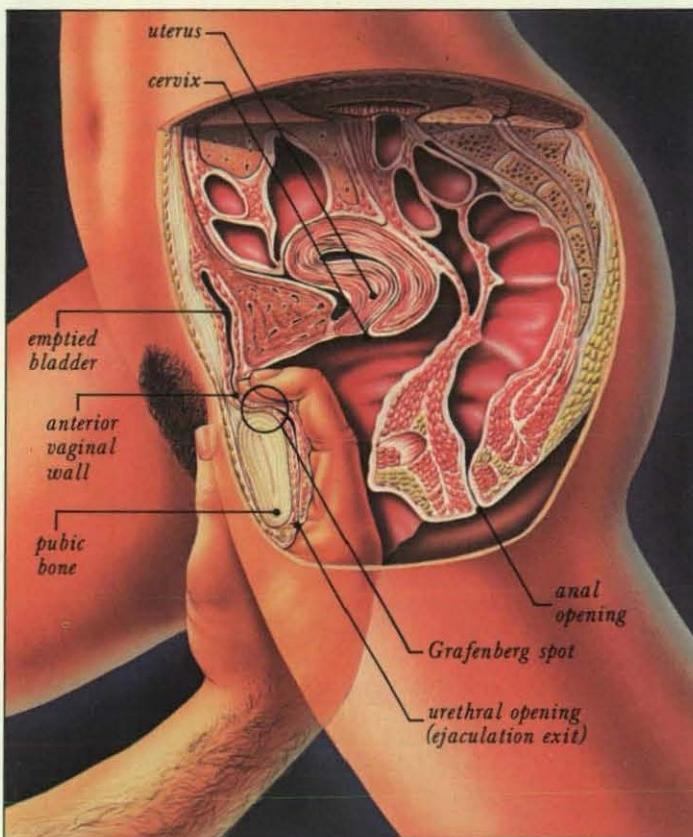
This trigger has been labeled the "Grafenberg spot" in honor of sex researcher Ernest Grafenberg, whose work in the '50s led to its recent discovery. It's believed to be proof that vaginal orgasms exist.

For more than three decades sexologists have debated whether or not vaginal orgasms are a reality. Most men and women have been led to believe that all female orgasms originate solely from stimulation of the clitoris. The debate dates back to 1948, when pioneer sex researcher Alfred Kinsey claimed that vaginal orgasms were biologically impossible.

"There is a great deal of anatomical and clinical evidence that most of the interior of the vagina is without nerves," Kinsey wrote. "Nerves have been demonstrated only [near] the base of the clitoris." In a volume on female sexuality published in 1953, Kinsey had not changed his mind. In fact, he drew a hasty conclusion when he wrote: "There is no evidence that the vagina responds in orgasm."

Other eminent sexologists seemed to take Kinsey's data for granted and didn't report on vaginal sensitivity to any degree. And in 1966 clinical researchers Masters and Johnson concluded that "clitoral and vaginal orgasms are not separate biologic entities." From then on a great mystique shrouded vaginal orgasms; women kept having them, but they were told that

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



HOW TO ACHIEVE VAGINAL ORGASMS

by Stephanie Ross

having such pleasure wasn't possible.

Several sexologists, finding it difficult to believe there was only one kind of female orgasm, began exploring the hidden secrets of the vaginal climax. One of the first researchers to study this phenomenon was a Florida therapist and teacher named Helen Robinson. "It all started for me about eight or nine years ago," Robinson says. "I just couldn't accept that all orgasms had to be brought about by clitoral stimulation. I couldn't accept that the vagina wasn't sensitive."

In her studies, Robinson has met several women who said they could ejaculate through stimulation of their

vaginas. Each reported experiencing a deeply satisfying "inner" orgasm that was clearly different from the clitoral orgasm. These patients told Robinson that their inner orgasms were brought on by stimulation of a trigger spot within the vagina. States Robinson: "You get to the point where the inner orgasm becomes an ecstasy experience. The woman can have what seems like a continuous orgasm, ejaculating the whole time. It is beyond the multiorgasmic experience."

Robinson also claims that the inner-vaginal orgasm and ejaculation go hand-in-hand in 99% of the cases she has studied. A few select women were found to ejaculate through clitoral stimulation only. Robinson reports she has yet to find a woman in whom the Grafenberg spot could not be located.

Dr. John Perry, a psychologist and sex researcher from Vermont, agrees that past research into the field of vaginal orgasms has been weak. He feels that the study of the female climax got off the track a bit with Kinsey's and Masters and Johnson's reports. Kinsey's mistake, Dr. Perry believes, was that he used only light tactile stimulation of the vagina. The vagina doesn't necessarily respond to gentle touches, but it is highly sensitive to deep pressure.

Dr. Perry and his co-researcher, Beverly Whipple,

have found that it takes a heavy contact to arouse the vaginal trigger that produces these inner orgasms. It was Perry and Whipple who coined the term Grafenberg spot. Subsequently, other researchers have simply abbreviated it to "Gee spot."

Perry and Whipple began their Grafenberg-spot investigation when female patients who experienced ejaculation came to them for counseling. These women reported that there was a specific spot in their vagina that was even more sensitive than the clitoris.

The Grafenberg spot is relatively easy to find. But before settling down to find it, a woman should first urinate, since

the spot is near the bladder, and stimulating it may cause her to think she needs to piss. The man should make sure his hands are clean and his nails trimmed. One of the best positions for a man to find the spot has the woman lying on her back and the man sitting or kneeling between her legs. The woman should be sexually aroused and her vagina well-lubricated.

Begin your probe by placing two fingers, palm-upward, into the woman's vagina. Bending the fingers gently up and around the pubic bone, you'll find an area where the vagina curves inward and where the skin becomes much smoother. Next, reach up into the vagina until you feel a hard little lump. This is the cervix, the area that a diaphragm or cervical cap covers for birth control. Start working your way down again very slowly, because the sexual trigger is located along the two-to-three-inch wall of the vaginal canal between her pubic bone and cervix.

At this point your fingers should probe deeply into the abdominal side of the vaginal wall. Remember: Your fingers must press very deeply as if massaging a tight muscle; light, gentle touches just won't do it. Don't be afraid to really poke, but try to go slowly and patiently. Encourage your lover to give feedback and tell you when you reach

an especially sensitive spot. When you first stroke her Grafenberg spot, she may say she's going to urinate or that it hurts.

If she feels like she has to piss, let her get up and do so. If she feels pain, it's because she's not relaxed enough. Take some time out to kiss, fondle and caress her. Remind her how great it is getting to know more about her vagina and how sensational it'll feel when you both discover her trigger together.

Once you've found the sensitive spot, you must palpitate the area with strong, assertive finger jabs. Soon you'll feel the tissue growing tighter, and sense a slight swelling of the area. This is caused by a buildup of fluid that eventually will be ejaculated. The entire secret of the inner-vaginal orgasm is this deep probing of the trigger spot. It's also essential that the woman be as relaxed as possible. Tension may work to stimulate a clitoral orgasm, but it won't help bring about the inner orgasm.

When a woman ejaculates as a result of Grafenberg-spot stimulation, a sticky, milky fluid oozes out of her urethra, the opening directly above the vagina through which urine is passed. Perry and Whipple sent samples of this female ejaculate to Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, for analysis. There it was determined that the ejaculate's main ingredient is prostatic acid

phosphatase, which is also the primary substance in semen.

An ironic footnote to this discovery is that one of the only physical tests for rape consists of determining whether or not this substance is in the female victim's vagina. It was always believed that only males secreted these juices. Since women have been found to produce and secrete this fluid, the test can no longer be relied on for valid proof of rape.

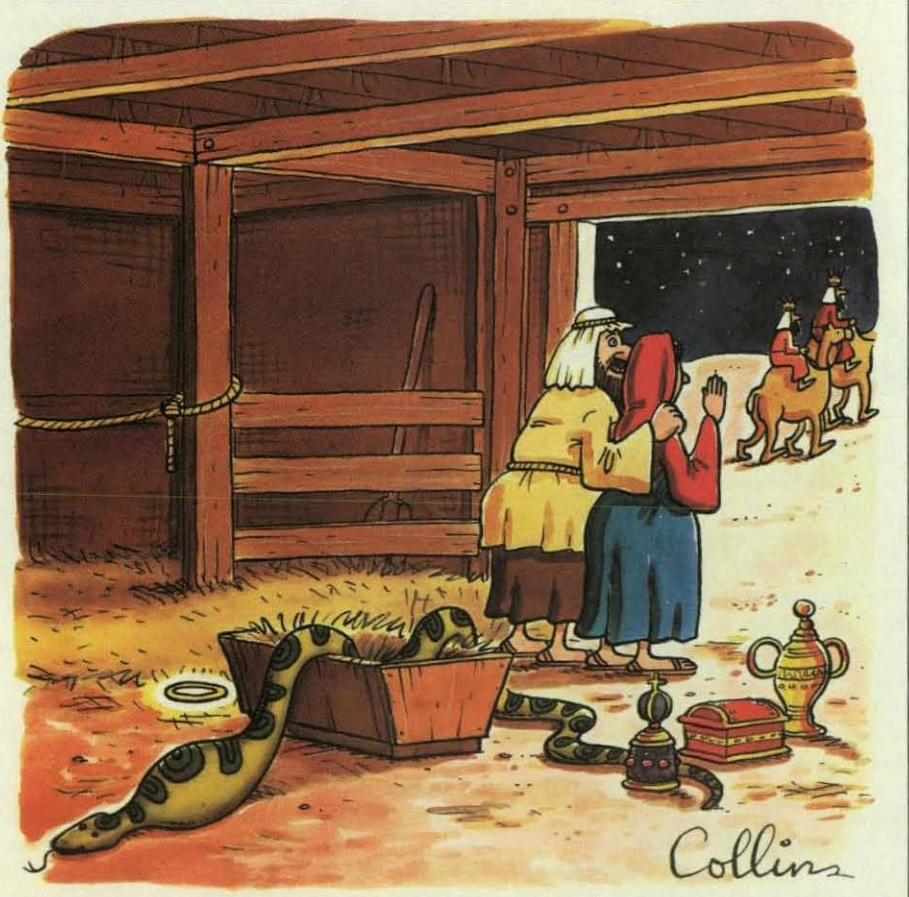
Researchers such as Robinson, Perry and Whipple are continuing their studies of this new erogenous zone. And many leading sex experts, such as Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, are becoming interested in Grafenberg-spot developments. Dr. Pomeroy, director of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality and a former associate of Alfred Kinsey, feels that more attention should be devoted to the vaginal orgasm.

But Grafenberg-spot documentation with film and monitors is so recent that not all sexologists and few laymen know about it. Even the prestigious Society for the Scientific Study of Sex hadn't heard of this type of research until April 1980.

All of the hunting to induce a Gee-spot climax may seem complex at first. But after your lady experiences the overwhelming sensations it can deliver, the location will become familiar. Before long you should be able to integrate this all as a natural part of your lovemaking, and by creative experimentation you can learn to provide this type of orgasm during intercourse.

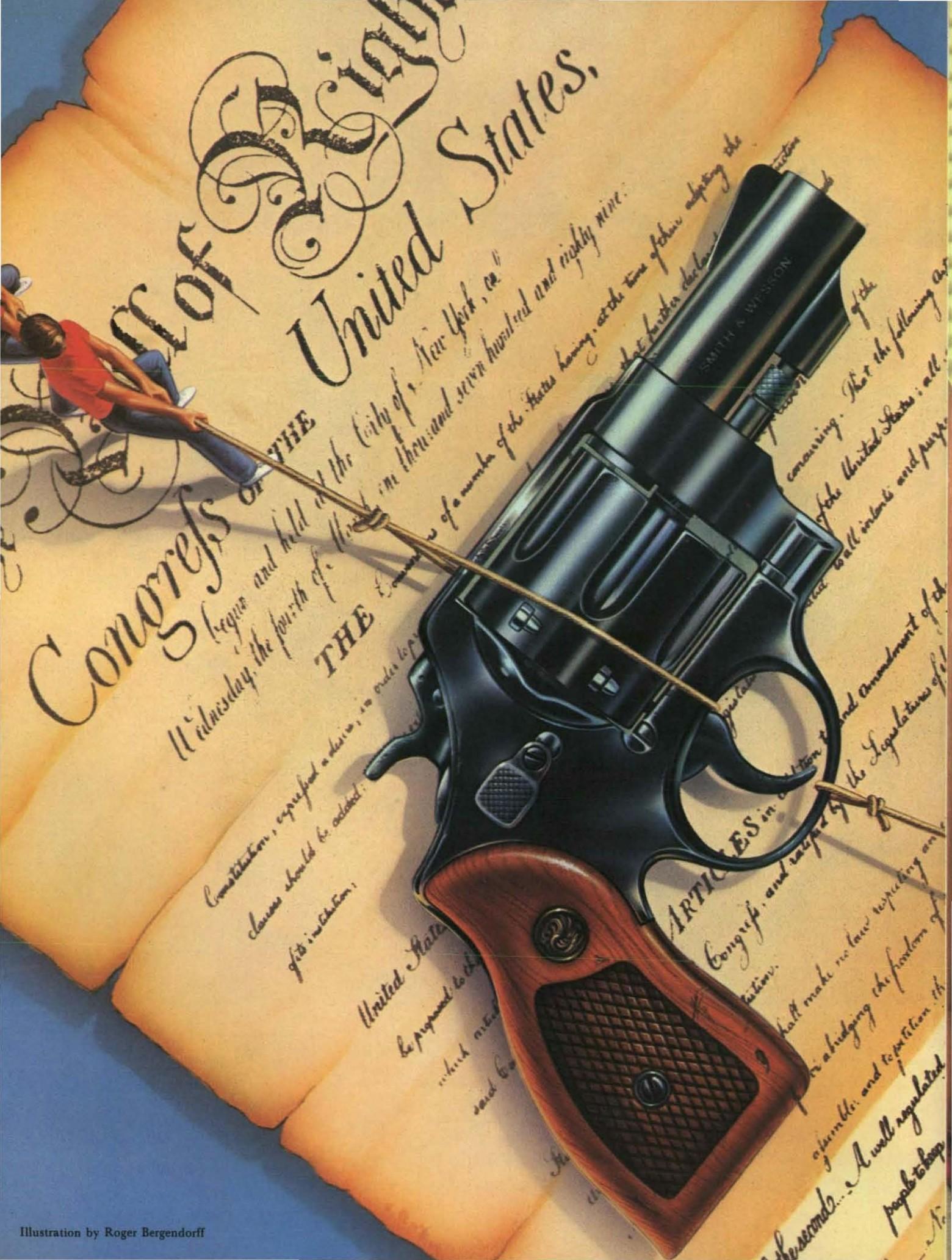
Some couples have found that hard, rapid fucking in the "doggy" position will stimulate the Grafenberg spot sufficiently to produce a vaginal orgasm. In the "doggy" position the woman kneels or lies down, and the man inserts his penis into her vagina from behind.

New York sex therapist Dr. Norm Fertel has had much success in teaching Grafenberg-spot techniques to married couples. One patient he worked with could reach orgasm only by masturbating. After showing the woman and her husband how to stimulate the spot, she later reported having experienced orgasm during intercourse. She also told Dr. Fertel that the inner orgasm was even better than clitoral orgasm.

These breakthroughs came about because several people believed in their own erotic experiences more than what all the books and reports were telling them. It's important for all of us to become sensitive to the messages our bodies are sending us. No one knows how many sexual frontiers lie ahead as we loosen the bonds of sexual repression and learn how to trust what our bodies are saying. 



"There, now. That didn't take so long, did it?"



THE PROS AND CONS OF GUN CONTROL

The senseless murders happened with shocking suddenness. During a 20-minute rampage last August, four persons had been randomly gunned down by unknown assailants, forever shattering the tranquility of the middle-class

West Los Angeles neighborhood where the shootings took place. For several weeks thereafter, while police tried to piece to-

gether meager leads, local residents cowered behind double-locked doors—afraid to go out at night, fearful that their own lives were in jeopardy. That gnawing apprehension continued even after two 16-year-old punks charged with the killings were apprehended. And it continues to exist today.

What happened in West Los Angeles was not an isolated incident. Hundreds of similar tragedies are daily occurrences in America's cities. In Chicago a baby boy is born with bullet wounds in his elbow and thigh just hours after his pregnant mother is shot during a dispute over a bottle of wine. "It's a helluva world out there," says a police official.

In Brooklyn, New York, a 17-year-old student is fatally shot in the head after a quarrel interrupts a playground basketball game. Nationwide, it is the gun—rather than reason—that has become the great equalizer in day-to-day existence.

According to the most recent FBI figures, an average of one violent crime takes place every 30 seconds in this country.

"Fear of crime is slowly paralyzing America,"



noted the first authoritative survey dealing with the subject. "Crime and fear of crime have, like a dark dye, permeated the fabric of American life."

It's no wonder that one of the more emotional issues currently facing Americans is the question of gun control—whether to permit or to outlaw the owning of handguns by private citizens. Gun-control advocates argue that people have become more and more reluctant to venture outside at night as muggings, robberies and murders increase alarmingly. They feel that ownership of handguns for self-protection against crime provides more of a psychological sense of safety than actual deterrence to crime.

Anti-gun-control groups argue that the money it would take to enforce a gun-control law would be better spent beefing up police departments to help prevent crimes. They insist that if gun-control legislation should pass, honest citizens would be forced to surrender their weapons while thieves and killers would retain theirs. They cite the Second Amendment to the Constitution, pointing out that it guarantees the right of the people to keep and bear arms.

To help the reader decide whether gun-control legislation will save lives or whether it is just one more infringement on our Constitutional rights, HUSTLER assembled a panel of experts to discuss this explosive issue.

Those whose names are designated with a raised gun favor unrestricted ownership of handguns, while the one marked with a lowered gun prefers that such weapons be controlled.



DR. DAVID I. CAPLAN is an attorney, member of the bylaws committee of the National Rifle Association (NRA) and chief counsel of the Federation of New York State Rifle and Pistol Clubs.

A member of the New York State bar, he has written extensively on Second Amendment issues for a number of law journals. He has also championed the rights of gun-owners, lobbied for revision of New York's landmark gun-control Sullivan Law and once ran as a Conservative candidate for the office of New York State Attorney General.



DON B. KATES, JR., is a liberal San Francisco attorney, police legal adviser and consultant on firearms. An outspoken gun enthusiast, he is also a member of the NRA and a former member of the California Advisory Committee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. In addition,

he once taught law at St. Louis University. His articles on guns and gun control have appeared in *Harper's*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Criminal Law Bulletin*, the *Washington Post* and *California Law Reviews*. His book *Restricting Handguns: The Liberal Skeptics Speak Out* (North River Press, 1980) was praised by such diverse publications as *The National Review*, *Field and Stream* and the *New York Times*.



SAMUEL S. FIELDS serves as field director of the National Coalition to Ban Handguns. A one-time senior lobbyist of the Americans for Democratic Action, he is now a law student at Antioch University in Washington, D.C., and a doctoral candidate in history at Catholic University. He has written extensively on gun control for newspapers and magazines, among them the prestigious *St. Louis University Law Journal*. The son of a New York police officer, Fields was active in the antiwar movement and was a Jimmy Carter campaign worker. He describes himself as "probably the only anti-handgunner who received a rifle at his bar mitzvah."

HUSTLER: Just how serious is the handgun problem in the United States?

FIELDS: So serious that it's beyond epidemic. We've had to apply a new word to it—*pandemic*. America has become a giant shooting gallery. We have the highest handgun fatality rate in the world. The odds are that one out of every 100 people in this country is going to get it from a handgun in his or her lifetime. In 1979, 27,000 people were killed with handguns, of which 10,000 were murder victims. This figure represents 70% of all gun homicides, even though rifles and shotguns outnumber handguns by four to one.

You want some more startling figures? More than 300,000 handguns are stolen each year. Nearly 150,000 handguns are involved in accidental gunshot wounds. Another 15,000 are used for suicide. How much more serious can it get? As things now stand, we're putting another 2 million handguns into circulation every 12 months. Why?

HUSTLER: What you're saying is that guns are responsible for murder and mayhem. But the pro-gun forces say that it's people who are responsible.

FIELDS: Obviously there are factors other than just handgun supply. But if you compare cities that have stronger and weaker handgun laws, you find there's a pattern: The availability of

handguns actually increases their misuse.

KATES: You're overlooking a 1975 University of Wisconsin study that found no relationship between handgun ownership and the homicide rate. Start banning handguns, and we're going to be sending people to jail just like we do for marijuana. Gun control will fail; so the courts will have to go to heavier penalties, which in turn will send more people to jail. And all that will do is make people more resistant and more openly defiant. What we'll have is a society that puts citizens in jail for trying to defend themselves. Not only does this violate our Constitutional rights, but what would it accomplish? A reduction in deaths? Assaults? Robberies? In 1973 homicide in the U.S. was higher than it is now, and that was with 10 to 12 million fewer handguns than are presently in circulation.

CAPLAN: Essentially, it's not even guns we're debating. It's the Second Amendment—our right to bear arms—and our civil liberties.

HUSTLER: Do the Second Amendment and gun-control laws conflict?

CAPLAN: Well, the National Rifle Association has taken the position over and over again that the Second Amendment gives the citizen the legal right to protect himself, in the same manner that the First Amendment protects our right, by law, to say what we want. A good example of this is our right to make a citizen's arrest. The right to make such an arrest is part and parcel of our crime-fighting capability. No crime wave in American history has ever been put down by the police, only by direct citizen action.

The police may not admit it, but I don't think they like the whole idea of a citizen protecting himself. They see that as a threat to their own power. That's why the New York Police Department, for example, opposes the granting of pistol licenses. If the public can't buy guns to protect itself, it remains dependent on the police. But the police say they oppose granting gun licenses because of all the cheap guns that are available—including the ones that can be made from over-the-counter parts, the so-called Saturday Night Specials. They argue that if they did issue more gun permits, that would just put more cheap guns into people's hands.

HUSTLER: Are you saying that even though they have failed to effectively control crime, the police support gun control because unrestricted ownership would compromise their authority?

CAPLAN: In effect, yes. Everyone likes to think his own job is indispensable; so if the public gets the idea it

(continued on page 48)



DWANE TINSLEY

"I'd like a new little brother for Christmas. We could use the extra welfare check!"



TOMMI

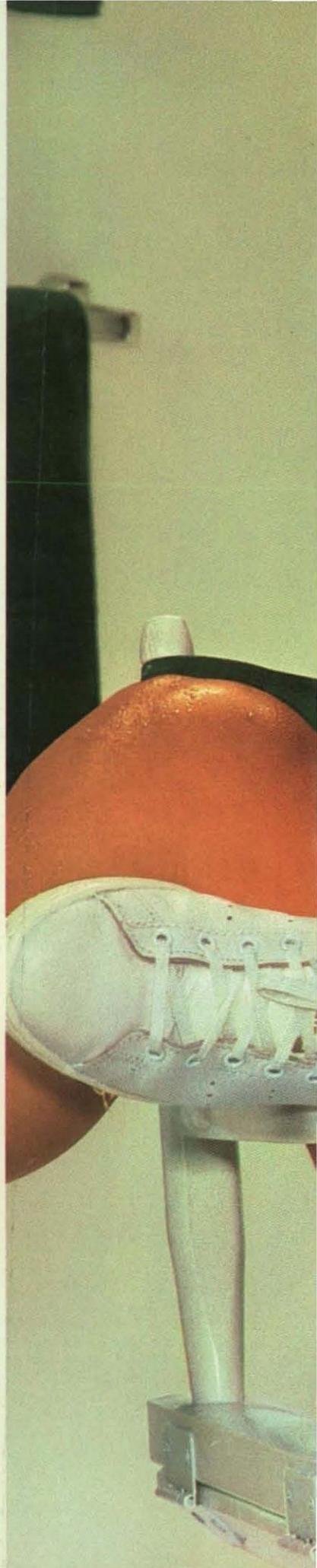
READY TO SERVE

Tommi considers her body the temple of her soul as well as the instrument of her pleasure. Playing a hard game of tennis keeps her in shape and also gives her a chance to hold her own in competition with men. As Tommi dresses before a match, she feels especially in tune with her body, perhaps in anticipation of the workout.



to come. Proudly, she glides her hands down her smooth, trim stomach and up her sleek, firm legs. She cannot resist exploring the source of her pleasure. Her touch finds the soft, moist island amid her taut body. Then she is satisfied, but she is not drained. With renewed vigor, she heads for the courts to play.

Photography by Suze Randall



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GUN CONTROL

(continued from page 38)

can defend itself, then where does this leave the police?

As for the 2 million unregistered handguns in New York City, here again much of that is the fault of the police. In the early 1930s between 5,000 and 6,000 people were licensed to keep pistols on their premises. But then a new policy was established by the New York police—the so-called “need-requirement factor,” wherein a citizen had to prove the need for a gun before he’d be given a license. Because of this, by 1974 the total number of on-premises licenses dropped to only around 150.

In other words, the number of “illegal” guns was artificially created by a change in departmental policy. Most illegal guns were in the hands of otherwise law-abiding citizens who couldn’t get a license. And no one had challenged this restriction. There’s a good reason why 2 million New Yorkers have armed themselves. For the most part, the cops are simply doing what local residents like to call cooin’ ‘n’ snoopin’—sleeping on the job while citizens live in terror.

HUSTLER: Is that why your group, Mr. Caplan—the Federation of New York State Rifle and Pistol Clubs—offers \$200 to anyone who knocks off an assail-

ant in the act of committing a crime?

CAPLAN: What we try to do is honor the citizen who has acted courageously. The award shows that people haven’t done anything wrong in trying to protect themselves. Last year, in fact, the award went to a man who defended his family of five with an unlicensed pistol. We gave him \$400 because he killed two intruders.

HUSTLER: Isn’t this sort of thing likely to encourage vigilante behavior?

CAPLAN: What’s wrong with vigilante behavior? If the cops don’t protect people, the people have no recourse but to protect themselves.

HUSTLER: Let’s go back to your argument that the Constitution gives people the right to carry a gun. The federal courts have consistently ruled otherwise, saying the phrase “right to bear arms” doesn’t apply to the individual. How can you continue to insist it does?

CAPLAN: My reading of the Constitution must be stricter than theirs. You see, there’s been a rather broad failing of the country’s legal profession in this area. The legal research done for all federal-court decisions has been so pitiful as to be ridiculous. The courts have been influenced by the articulate and vocal wing of the legal profession, liberals who support gun control. Just as in politics, the conservatives tend to be quieter.

FIELDS: Of course, what never gets mentioned by the no-control people is that the Second Amendment doesn’t just refer to a militia—it refers to a “well-regulated militia.” Militias were not conceived of as private armies by our Founding Fathers. With the standing armed forces that presently exist in our country, the stated reason for the amendment becomes invalid. Since 1789 there have been more than 40 federal-court decisions and another five from the U. S. Supreme Court. And not once have the courts read the amendment any differently.

Private ownership of guns is not what the Second Amendment is about, any more than the First Amendment gives you the right to shout “Fire” in a crowded theater. Anytime Mr. Caplan or Mr. Kates wishes to challenge this, we can stage a test case. I’ll personally post a winner-take-all prize of \$10,000 if they’ll get themselves busted on a gun-possession charge. If either one of them can successfully argue in the federal courts that his possession of a gun is legal under the Second Amendment, the \$10,000 goes directly into his defense fund. I’m sure the NRA will throw in plenty of money too.

KATES: Such flashy prize offers aside, Mr. Fields, the pro-gun argument still remains that when people—and, in particular, minority groups—are armed, the police are more likely to take their job seriously. The police might not mind a little crime, but they don’t want to see criminals and citizens in shoot-outs.

HUSTLER: But we don’t live in the Wild West anymore. Does everyone really have to be armed to the teeth?

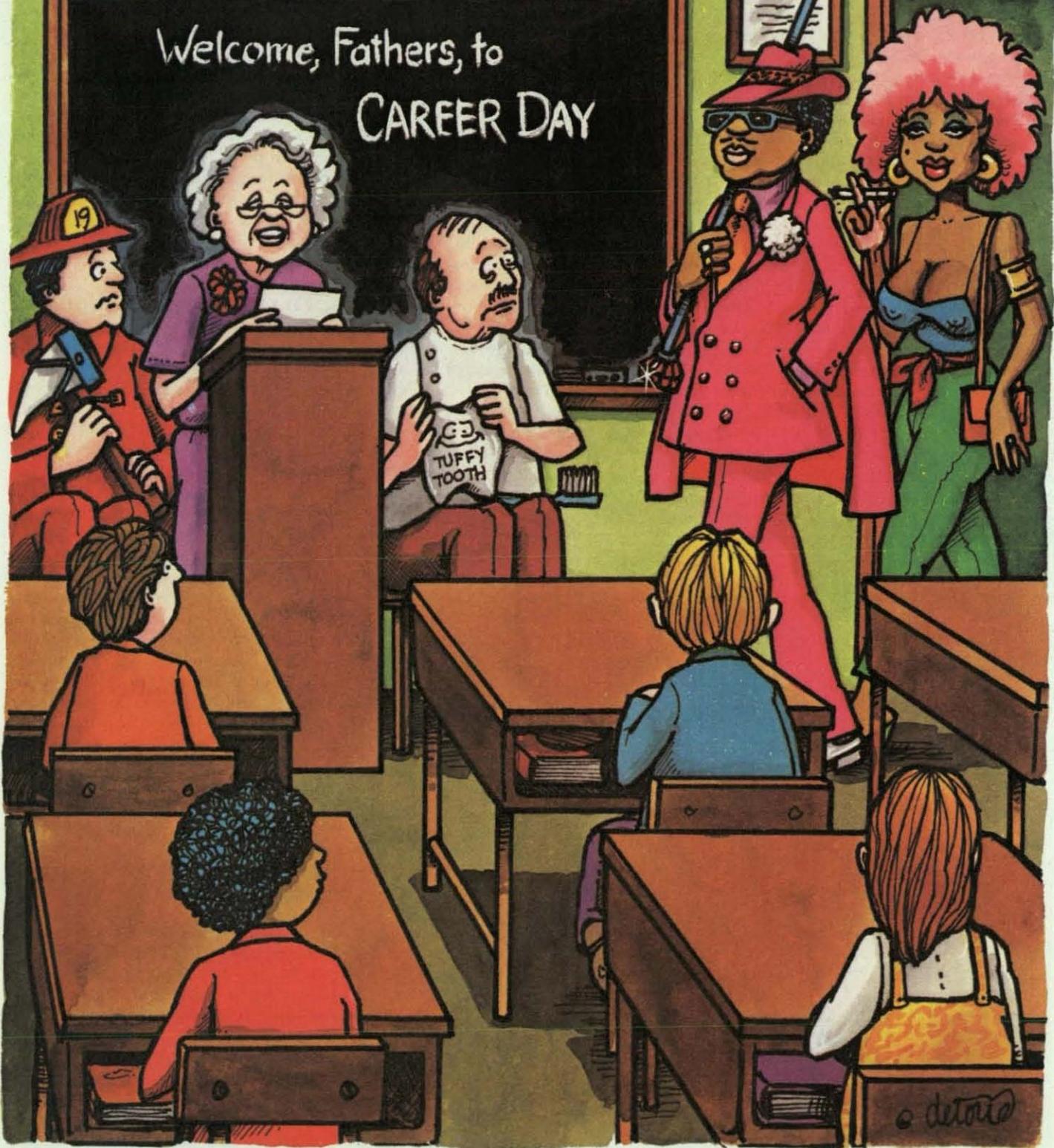
KATES: Well, from my experience with the civil-rights movement down south in the 1960s, I can say categorically that the possession of firearms was necessary because the police couldn’t be trusted to provide protection. In North Carolina not only did I carry a gun, but the local black leadership was also heavily armed, even though the liberal press—which is antigun—never reported it. In one instance I had to use my gun to fend off a carload of shotgun-toting Klansmen.

CAPLAN: Regardless of the courts’ decisions, let’s take the argument back to the Constitutional guarantee. One of the concerns in the minds of our Founding Fathers was the possibility of a police state. To prevent that, they wanted every private person to be authorized to arm himself. Considering world events 150 years later, that idea wasn’t so farfetched. In 1928 anyone who said Hitler was going to rise up and kill all the Jews in Germany would have been called crazy.



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Welcome, Fathers, to CAREER DAY



"Our next guest is Reba Washington's father, with his visual aid, Lorene."

FIELDS: Nobody is arguing about a person's right to defend himself with shotguns or rifles. We're supposed to be talking about handguns. And everyone knows that a handgun is a lousy defensive weapon anyway. Its accuracy beyond ten feet is unbelievably limited, something like 20%. Hell, unless you can hit someone straight in the heart with a handgun, they can still get off a shot or two back at you.

CAPLAN: That's utter nonsense. Handguns are actually much better for defense on the street or in the home because they're small.

KATES: But banning handguns still assumes that the homicide rate would be reduced. That wouldn't be the result at all. Banning *all* guns might have some effect. Mexico has this kind of legislation, and its rate of homicide with knives is three times higher than what we have in the U.S. with all weapons.

When Massachusetts passed the Bartley-Fox handgun bill in 1975, the number of gun murders dropped. So all the gun-control people began pointing to Massachusetts as proof that we have to ban handguns across the board. The only difficulty is that at the same time, homicide numbers in the U.S. dropped exactly as they had in Boston. Furthermore, all the states around Massachusetts experienced exactly the same per-

centage drop, and those states do not have comparable laws.

FIELDS: Then why does practically every police department in Massachusetts say that handguns just aren't carried around as often as they used to be? It's because people know that if they get caught, they're not just going to have their fingers slapped—they're going to go to jail for at least a year.

HUSTLER: Is what happened in Massachusetts reliable evidence that gun control is really effective?

KATES: Not at all. Let me cite a 1971 study that examined England's handgun ban. The report concluded that social and cultural factors, and not gun control, determine violence levels. The report recommended abolishing or substantially reducing the controls, because their administration and enforcement divert immense police resources from controlling real crime.

HUSTLER: Then is there any contrary indication that gun restrictions have actually worked?

FIELDS: Not all the time. For example, New York's tough Sullivan Law has the ability to control firearms commerce in the city. But, unfortunately, it has no way of going into the state of South Carolina, which at one time was a main supplier of guns to New York. According to the latest figures, 96% of all crime guns used in New York's five

boroughs come from out of state.

Massachusetts has done very well in reducing violence by handguns; yet one state law in itself isn't sufficient.

If Missouri passed a law prohibiting polluting the Mississippi River, and five other states continued to treat it like an open sewer, would the conclusion be that pollution laws don't work? No, it's clear that all the states have to cooperate, and the ultimate answer must lie in some form of federal legislation.

CAPLAN: But who do you think is going to cooperate? Aside from the fact that Americans aren't going to surrender their Constitutional rights voluntarily, if you institute a federal handgun recall, it'll only be the law-abiding, target-shooting sportsman who complies—not the criminal. Maybe you'll reduce the number of guns, but the ratio will automatically tip in favor of the criminal. So what have you accomplished?

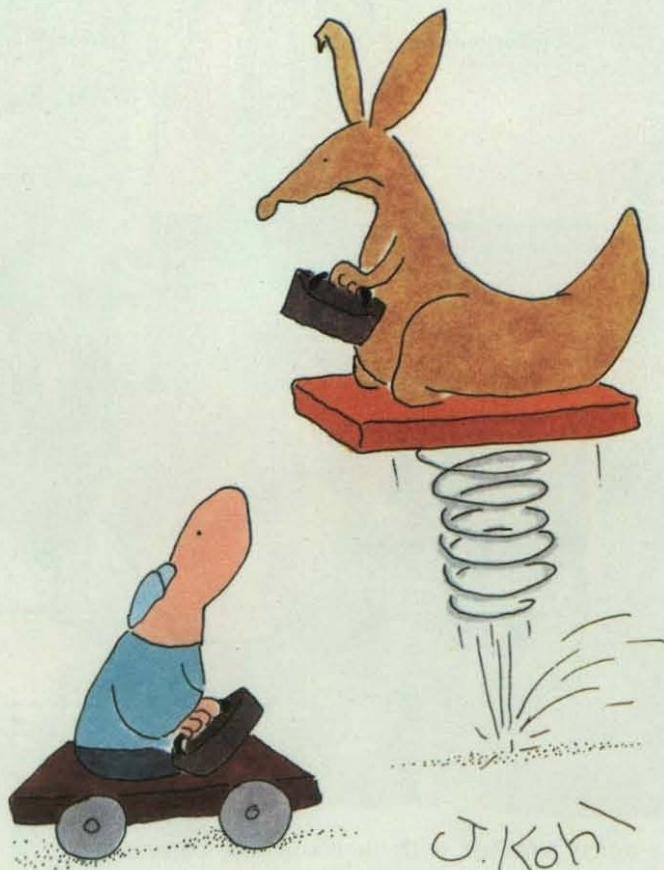
FIELDS: Again, we're not talking about giving up all guns—only handguns. If you feel you need a defensive weapon, buy a shotgun. But in response specifically to what Mr. Caplan has just said, even if the government had to *buy* up the country's 40 million handguns to get them off the streets, the cost would be worth it. Treatment for the average gunshot wound presently comes to \$3,027. Multiply that by 150,000 annual wounds, and you have a figure of around a half-billion dollars.

Bearing in mind that handgun wounds represent 80% to 90% of all gun wounds, the conclusion is obvious. Handguns are the least available of all firearms, but they are so overwhelmingly abused that they do incredible damage—thereby offsetting whatever benefits they may have for self-defense.

KATES: What's obvious is that there's no way you're going to stop people from having guns unless you give them the security they need. As it is, you've got millions of people in this country who are terrified, some of whom have gone out of their way to get guns.

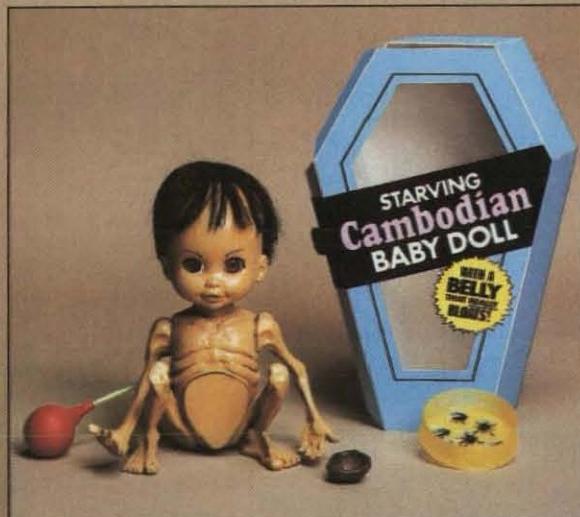
FIELDS: I agree that millions of Americans are terrified, but nobody's talking about taking pistols away from the police and legitimate security guards. If you look closely at crime guns, though, you'll find that they have one intriguing thing in common. Most are new. Well over 90% of crime guns are less than ten years old. But of the 40 million handguns in circulation, well over 80% are in excess of ten years old. Now, this tells you something—namely, that if you cut off the supply of new weapons, you're going to make some kind of dent in the homicide rate.

(continued on page 54)



HUSTLER'S Christmas Gift Guide

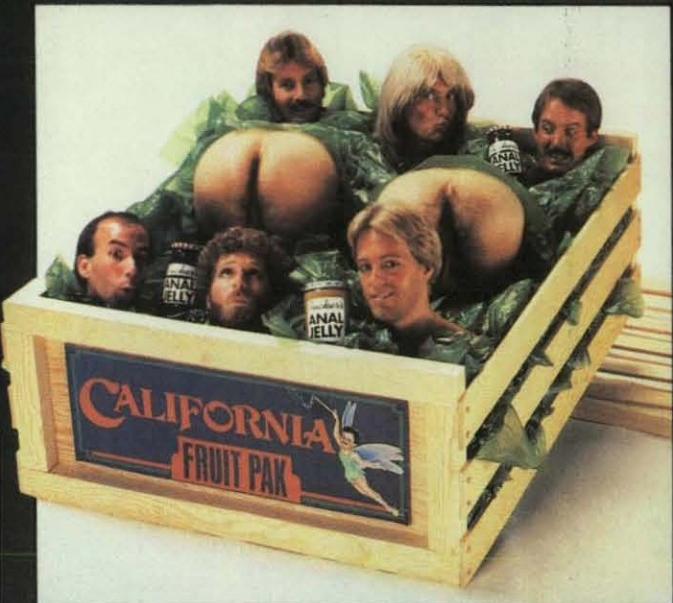
It's that time of year again when the greedy hands of Madison Avenue reach down into their bag of tricks and pull out our wallets. They bombard us with an endless barrage of nauseating advertisements, urging us to spend until we're dry... and then charge the rest. They even insidiously invade the early Saturday-morning children's shows so that our kids will wake us up at a time when we'll promise anything just to be left alone. It's a tasteless season. And in that spirit, we thought we'd help Madison Avenue by adding a few tasteless suggestions of our own.



STARVING CAMBODIAN BABY DOLL

Why let a child grow up thinking that every youngster greets a breakfast that's sugar-coated and vitamin-enriched? It's time to cut out the "Winnie the Pooh" crap and teach the tyke what the world is really like! Both fun and educational, this doll doesn't eat, burp, wet or walk. It can't—it's suffering from malnutrition! And the doll doesn't cry about it because it's too dehydrated! You can bet that the toddler forced to live with this doll will never refuse to eat his spinach again! Comes complete with flies, an empty dish and a squeeze bulb that activates the patented Third World® Hungry Boy™ bloating belly that "swells" just swell! Don't tell your tot that children are starving in Asia—show him!





CALIFORNIA FRUIT PAK

How else can we get rid of them? Loud disco music and the Crisco shortage in supermarkets are driving us crazy! Just like oranges and avocados, these California fruits will make a great gift for the folks back east. Think of the smile on a lonely gay friend's face when he finds this box under his tree (or in his closet). With the overabundance of faggots produced this year, we'll even sweeten the offer. We'll throw in a money-back guarantee—just in case they eat each other before delivery.



BESTIAL LOVE DOLLS

The ultimate meaningless sexual experience. When sex is reduced to a mere physical act, why take a chance of any emotional involvement—even with an animal? These plastic lovers won't give you that seductive glance or soft bleat that ends too often in romantic entanglement. Designed for him and her, "Heidi" the sheep with oral and anal love options, and "Hans" the German shepherd stud are just the right gifts for animal-lovers!



HAND-HELD COMPUTER GAMES

SINK THE BOAT PEOPLE (right). Why should the governments of the free world have all the fun? Since everyone else has dumped on these homeless refugees... why shouldn't you? And like everything else in their miserable lives, the battle is totally one-sided! They have no defense while you attack them with supersonic jets and a nuclear submarine! Remember... if you're not part of their solution, you're part of their problem.

MISSION IN IRAN HELICOPTER RIDE

You're a chopper pilot in the world's most powerful air force. There's nothing between you and your destination. You've fooled the enemy! Then suddenly... crash! Your \$2-million helicopter falls apart like a cheap toy!

Yes, now you and your family can relive those humiliating moments in the Iranian desert with this bold new concept in home entertainment. The whole world was laughing then; so why shouldn't you be able to join in the fun now? And you thought that only the Pentagon could build a helicopter that couldn't get off the ground!



GHETTO INVADERS (below). Uh-oh! *Newsweek* reports that the Ku Klux Klan is training for urban warfare in the jungles of Alabama. This game pits you against the white-robed hordes as they take their fight to the ghetto streets. Your only defense is a row of pesticide-immune cockroaches, backed up by two giant rats. Your player, the roller-skating dude with a Saturday Night Special, has to elude the KKK's crossfire while lining up his own shots. You get only six bullets... so don't shoot till you see the whites! **INNOCENT BYSTANDER** (below right). With crime at an all-time high, it's not easy to hit an innocent passerby—not with all those crooks in the way! But like the Los Angeles Police Department has proved, you can get good at it if you practice. It's not whether you win or lose... it's how well you can miss!



GUN CONTROL

(continued from page 50)

Consider South Carolina, where a fairly moderate law affecting Saturday Night Specials was passed in 1975. Within a two-year period there was not only a 28% reduction in homicide, but also the reduction was overwhelmingly in the area of handgun homicide, with 115 fewer deaths in that one state alone.

HUSTLER: Since you're attacking the interests of the nation's gun manufacturers, it would seem that the National Coalition to Ban Handguns is ultimately going to have to confront powerful companies such as Colt and Smith & Wesson. How do you realistically propose to do this?

FIELDS: Through legislation. Remember, we're not talking about eliminating handguns for the police or even for legitimate gun clubs. And even Smith & Wesson has come out for tighter handgun controls.

HUSTLER: Would those controls include Saturday Night Specials?

CAPLAN: Wait a minute! Why are we placing all this emphasis on Saturday Night Specials? What's the reason for selecting some guns as good and some as bad? Let me make an appropriate comparison. If you are going to permit the sale of liquor, you can't distinguish between the cheap stuff and

bottled-in-bond. If guns have a legitimate purpose, price has nothing to do with it. And the widely held notion that these guns are carried exclusively by criminals and addicts is utter nonsense. But even so, suppose you were to ban Saturday Night Specials. Do you think that would reduce the number of guns used in crimes? No way. If an individual can't get a cheap model, he'll get the more expensive one, even if he's on welfare.

FIELDS: One of the arguments the pro-gun people often make is that banning Saturday Night Specials penalizes the poor who need to protect themselves. But it must be pointed out that it's the poor who are most in favor of handgun control—particularly black people. This isn't surprising, since they're the ones who are most frequently the victims of handgun misuse. A study completed in April 1980 by the University of Michigan says that blacks are six times as likely to be shot to death as whites, and that homicide is the leading cause of death among blacks from ages 25 to 34. Mr. Caplan and Mr. Kates may not think so, but over 80% of the non-white population in this country has made it clear they want more legislation.

KATES: Let me emphasize that gun prohibition is the brainchild of white middle-class liberals who are oblivious to the situation of poor and

minority people living in areas where the police have given up on crime control. Self-protection is all that ghetto residents can rely on.

You also have to make the distinction between the black community at large and the black leadership—who talk the same game as the white liberal intellectuals who provide their greatest support. Minority and disadvantaged citizens are not about to give up their families' protection because middle-class whites living and working in high-security buildings and/or well-policed suburbs tell them it's safer that way. The average black guy on the street is more opposed to banning handguns than probably anyone. The blacks, the poor and the elderly are the ones most ready to speak out against handgun control.

FIELDS: No matter what you say, every single poll that's ever been done—every one, that is, except those paid for by the National Rifle Association or its affiliates—shows that the American people, blacks included, overwhelmingly favor gun registration.

HUSTLER: If the American public is so opposed to handguns, why are more than 2 million manufactured and sold every year?

FIELDS: It's politics. The nitty-gritty is that Congress has always been more responsive to pressure groups with money. Take cigarettes. How many people benefit when the Department of Agriculture subsidizes the tobacco industry while at the same time the Department of Health and Human Services spends tens of millions of dollars to convince people to quit smoking? Maybe 5%. But it's that 5% that's wealthy enough to finance Congressional campaigns. And it's a similar 5% that keeps us from having effective handgun control. The National Rifle Association boasts of "electing" more than 100 congressmen in every Congressional election. And it's no secret that they have ties with the Defense Department.

HUSTLER: What kind of ties?

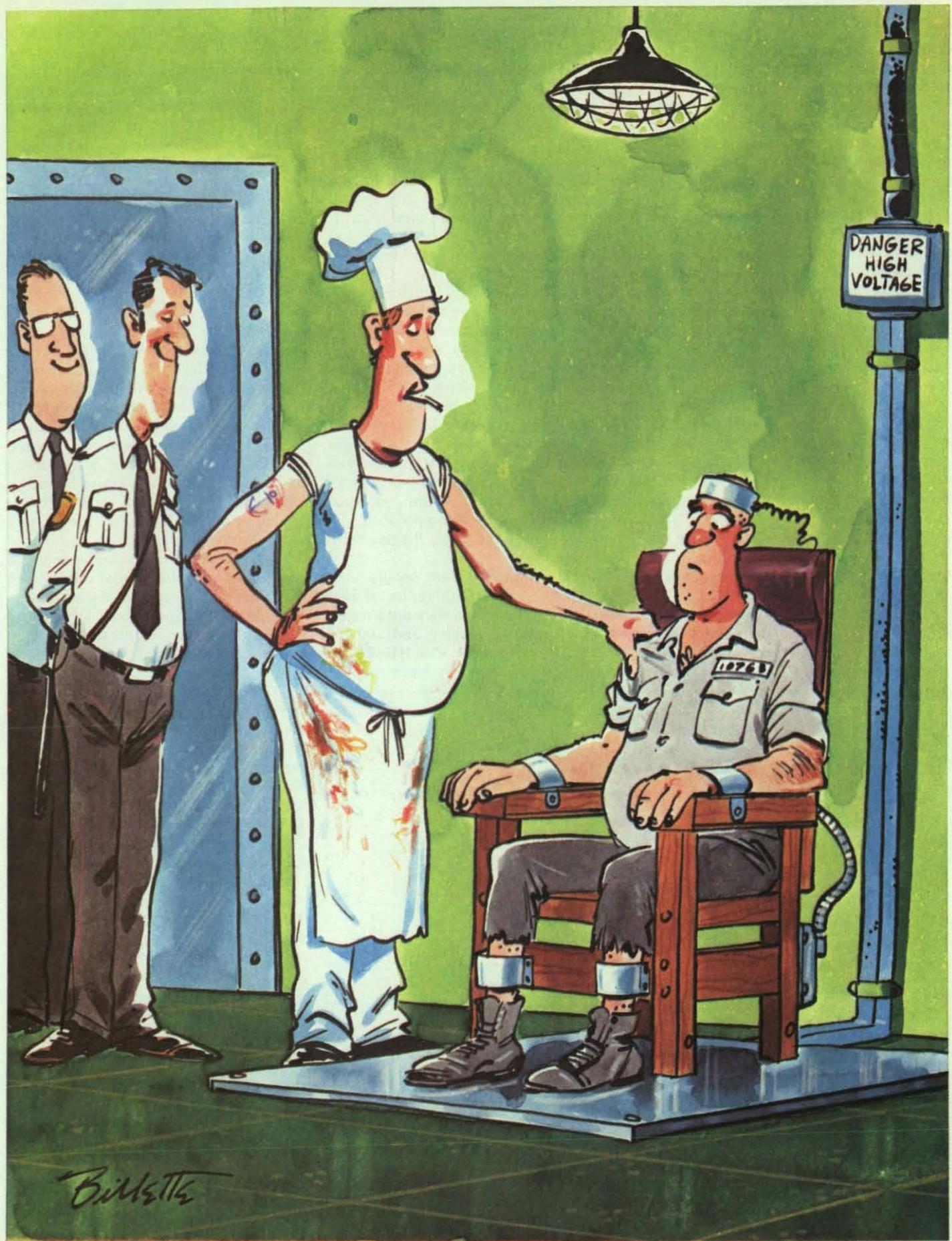
FIELDS: Until the National Coalition to Ban Handguns sued to stop it, the Defense Department used to sell their surplus guns to NRA members at big discounts.

HUSTLER: It has often been said that the NRA leadership is a right-wing elite; that its funds are inexhaustible; and that whatever the majority feeling might be on the gun-control issue, the NRA is so powerful that it can block most valid discussion. What's the truth?

FIELDS: The NRA has certainly reached gigantic proportions. It gets massive amounts of money in response to solicitations in hunting and gun magazines—something like \$5 mil-



"...And I say you should be pinning on a corsage!"



"Give him 2,000 volts for 90 seconds."

lion to \$6 million a year—money that enables it to subsidize sympathetic congressmen. Furthermore, it's a totally undemocratic organization. It claims to have more than a million members, but only lifetime members who have paid \$300 can vote on policy. That's because the rank-and-file NRA member doesn't generally support the extremes of the people in control.

Mr. Kates claims that most blacks oppose gun control. Yet curiously, there are no blacks at all on the NRA's board. And there's obvious racism among the leadership. Congressman John Ashbrook [Rep.-Ohio], a board member, reportedly described the federal probe into the Martin Luther King assassination as "wasting government money investigating the murder of some nigger."

CAPLAN: Mr. Fields isn't necessarily helping all of us see things clearly. The fact of the matter is that the NRA is developing a thoroughgoing civil-liberties posture on the First, Second, Fourth and Fifth Amendments. It also should be pointed out that NRA expenditures are exceeded easily by those of its opponents—specifically the foundations that fund such groups as the U.S. Conference of Mayors and Mr. Fields's own National Coalition to Ban Handguns. You'll find the money spent lobbying for gun control is significantly more than what the NRA raises.

HUSTLER: Why is it, then, that so many people feel that pro-gun sentiment is essentially right-wing?

KATES: The gun-control issue is not right-wingers versus liberals. It's people who think they can trust the government to take care of them versus those who believe it can't.

FIELDS: Then how come if you scratch the surface of the typical NRA guy, you find that he thinks that J. Edgar Hoover was too liberal and that the FBI should be able to go into your underwear or open your mail? Once, on *The Phil Donahue Show*, South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond [Rep.] observed that handguns weren't evil by themselves. He said that it was not guns, but people, who committed crimes. Then he was asked about pornography, and quite predictably he came out with the standard right-wing line that dirty books hurt people and that they ought to be restricted. The first time a guy walks into a drugstore with a copy of HUSTLER and says, "Gimme all your money, I've got a centerfold in my pocket"—that's the day I'll agree with Thurmond.

The fact is that 27,000 people were not killed last year with copies of *Deep Throat*; 100,000 people were not assaulted with copies of *Playboy*; and 200,000 people were not robbed with HUSTLER. They were victimized by handguns.

CAPLAN: What Mr. Fields doesn't seem to understand is that every Constitutional right, every human function, in a civilized society has a price. When the government succeeds in doing its job, nobody will have to bother with guns anymore; people will melt them down into plowshares. But there's no evidence that this utopia will ever come.

But if you take *all* guns away from the law-abiding citizen, you have a total imbalance of power. When we talk about consent of the governed, we don't mean consent of a disarmed governed. We mean consent of those who are armed. If every fifth Jew in Germany had owned a handgun in 1933, then things might have been a little different.

FIELDS: But they would have been far better off with shotguns. So where does that kind of reasoning lead?

CAPLAN: Just because a shotgun is better doesn't mean that people shouldn't have handguns. Why advertise the fact that you're armed? Ideally, you want the element of unpredictability so that criminals have a little anxiety about getting hurt.

HUSTLER: If a criminal knew someone was armed, wouldn't that make him think twice about committing a crime?

CAPLAN: Sure, but advertising that you're armed creates the same problem as gun registration. The authorities, who haven't been able to make the streets safe in the first place, will know where the guns are. The citizen's check against potential seizure of power by the government—and a possible police state—would be completely lost.

HUSTLER: Do you mean that even registration of handguns is unacceptable?

CAPLAN: More or less. I could go along with a license to carry, but only if it were as easily available as a permit to speak in a public park, and if you didn't have to show need.

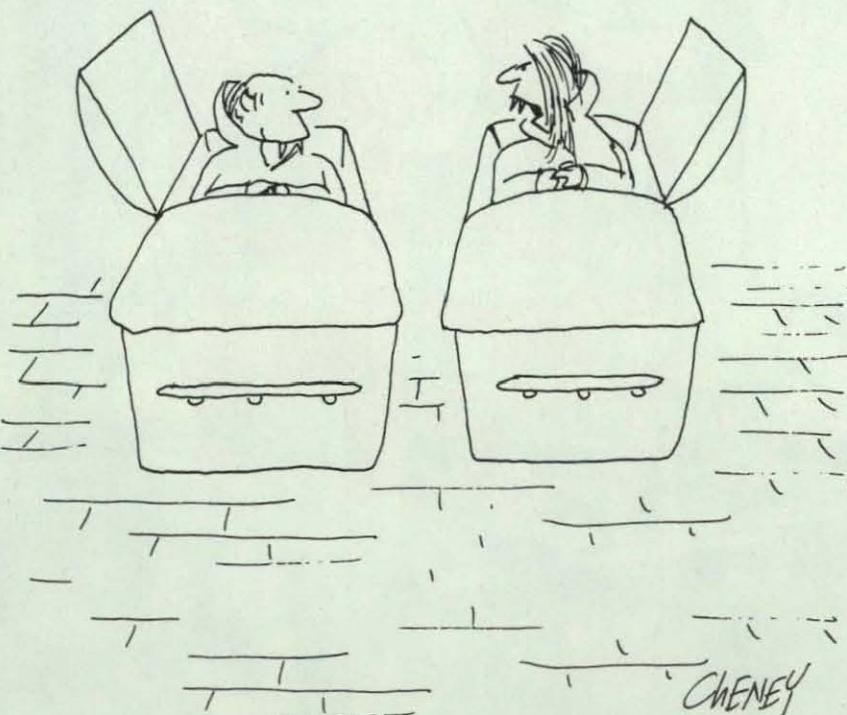
HUSTLER: Would you favor gun-proficiency testing—the same sort of procedure you have to go through to get a driver's license?

CAPLAN: There's no Constitutional right to drive an automobile, but there is a Constitutional right to have a handgun. Besides, how much training do you need with a pistol? There are less than 2,000 fatal accidents from guns each year. Yet there are 6,000 fatal accidents in the bathtub and another 50,000 involving automobiles.

HUSTLER: Do any of you reject the argument that handguns create an atmosphere in which violence is almost inevitable?

KATES: I certainly do. Look at Switzerland. Practically all men there are in the army reserve. They've

(continued on page 134)



"Would you please stop referring to my period as 'groin-gravy'!"



"We've got the myrrh and frankincense. Now where is the gold?!"



DUNN

ALAN ABEL

GREAT AMERICAN HOAX ARTIST

Peering studiously over his horn-rimmed glasses, Dr. Bruce Spencer, president of the Psychological Research Bureau, shuffles his notes and prepares to deliver a lecture to a writing class at Marymount Manhattan College in New York City. The title of Spencer's talk is based on his book, *The Fallacy of Creative Thinking*. The psychologist's thesis is that advertising executives are really only recyclers. He feels there is nothing that they have ever thought of, no idea that they'll ever have, that someone else hasn't already thought of before.

"Take Avis's 'We Try Harder' campaign," he says. "That was nothing new. It was first used back in 1862 by a company that made cannonballs for the Confederate Army. Remember the slogan 'It's What's Up Front That Counts'? Well, it wasn't used as a cigarette slogan originally. A brassiere company had the idea in 1913, but it was wiped out by the censors."

As the speech continues, Dr. Spencer holds his audience in rapt attention, telling stories about how his firm has helped sagging businesses in unconventional ways.

"In Kalamazoo, Michigan, the banks had an awful problem when robberies went up 79% in one year," he recounts. "They couldn't keep any employees; there was an 80% turnover of tellers. So we were called in to solve the problem, which my firm handled easily in two weeks. First of all, we sent out a notice to the Kalamazoo underworld—it's very small, not like the Mafia in New York—and we announced that every Friday from noon to one o'clock they could come in and rob any bank in town for one hour.

"Then we set the banks up with counterfeit money. We had stocking masks for those who came unprepared. The criminals got all their antisocial desires out of their systems. The challenge was suddenly gone.

"To assist with their escape, we had a tie-in with local automobile dealers. In front of each participating bank there was a used car, a lemon, but it had a tank full of gas and on the front seat a box lunch containing a map of the United States. Within hours we had 200 criminals riding out of Kalamazoo. There are 50,000 people killed on the highways each year. We can whittle the criminal population down little by little just by getting these guys on the road."

Spotting several skeptical students, he offers another example. "A few years ago a department store in Chicago that was stuck with thousands of pairs of Japanese binoculars decided to unload its inventory. I subcontracted the job by hiring Jack the Jumper, a fellow who was living in semiretirement in California. Everybody likes to watch a suicide, even if they won't admit it; so we had Jack hang from the fourth-floor ledge of the store, pretending to jump.

"It was a very exciting show, lasting almost two hours. While this was going on, salesmen from the store went through the crowd with shopping bags full of binoculars. They sold almost half of them."

By now, much of the class just isn't buying Dr. Spencer's monologue.

"You can't be for real," says one suspicious student.

"Do you use your own name all the time?" asks another.

The guest lecturer smiles broadly, like

a contestant who didn't fool the panel on the old TV series *I've Got a Secret*. Just as has happened many times in the past, he's been forced to admit that his lecture and the Psychological Research Bureau are fanciful put-ons brought forth from his wild imagination.

For the paunchy, 50-year-old man in the outdated purple ascot and frayed tweed sports jacket is really Alan Abel—a professional impostor and flimflam artist. During the past 20 years he has created more than 100 cons and scams—crazy stunts that provide comic relief from dreary newspaper headlines.

Abel's best-remembered gag is probably his first, the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals (SINA). Claiming that the low moral standards of the American public were due to "lewd, naked animals" at every street corner in our cities and in every pasture in the country, he urged that "all animals should wear clothing for the sake of decency, namely horses, cows, dogs, cats and other domestic animals that stand higher than four inches or are longer than six inches." And thousands of people joined his crusade.

The inspiration for this caper, which was actually a poke at censorship, dated back to 1955, when Abel was on a lecture tour. While he was driving through Texas one day, a herd of cattle blocked the highway. Suddenly an amorous bull and a receptive cow began balling in the middle of the road. Abel became fascinated by the mixed reactions from other waiting motorists. An elderly couple refused to watch the spectacle, while a carful of businessmen cheered on the humping cattle.

That same night he outlined a satiri-

PROFILE BY DOUG GARR

Illustration by Pat Dunn

cal story about why animals shouldn't be allowed to walk around in the nude. A polished version was rejected by *The Saturday Evening Post* and numerous other publications. None of them recognized that the whole thing was actually a joke. But Abel was not easily discouraged.

Soon he began printing pamphlets and literature about his mythical Society for Indecency to Naked Animals. He enlisted his friend Buck Henry—an actor skilled in improvisation and deadpan comedy—to impersonate G. Clifford Prout, Jr., the head of the society, which supposedly was funded by a \$400,000 legacy left by Prout's father.

Appearing on the *Today* show and the *Tonight* show, Henry explained that clothing animals would eliminate the double standard whereby humans are dressed but animals are denied the same sense of decency. His appearances drew more than 40,000 pieces of mail at SINA's national headquarters, a hole-in-the-wall New York office that Abel had rented to give the organization credibility. He also was flooded with calls at the full-time answering service he set up to enlist volunteers to the cause. Its number, fittingly, was MOrality 1-1963.

To drum up even more publicity, Abel visited California and complained

bitterly about the presence of 825,000 nude dogs and cats on the West Coast. The *San Francisco Chronicle* published a memorable, page-one photograph of his frontman, Henry, gamely trying to put trousers on a reluctant elephant named Lulu at the Golden Gate Park Zoo. "The movement was out of control," Abel recalls. "I couldn't stop it."

A believing old woman presented him with a \$40,000 check so SINA could continue its honorable work. "I knew that was the moment of truth," Abel says. "If I had taken it, it would have been dishonest, and I really would have been a fraud. It was awfully tempting, but I made up an excuse and declined the gift."

The society's ultimate in credibility occurred when Abel got seven minutes of coverage on Walter Cronkite's *CBS Evening News*. The hoax ran six years, off and on, and ended only when Buck Henry was unmasked by suspicious newsmen. But not before Alan Abel picketed the White House in an effort to convince President John Kennedy to clothe his daughter Caroline's pet horse. "A Nude Horse Is a Rude Horse," read one of the placards. Reportedly, Kennedy watched the pickets through binoculars and chuckled when told what was happening.

Joining Abel on the picket lines was his wife, Jeanne, once an aspiring actress who met her husband in an appropriately unconventional manner. Back in the late 1950s she had answered a legitimate ad run by Abel, seeking actresses to perform in educational training films he was producing. "All the women were shuttled in and out of that little closet of an office," she recalls. "Only Alan seemed to be spending a lot of time with me. Later I found out that he was just stalling for time. An off-Broadway stage play he produced had closed, and there was a prop—a rented tree—that wasn't returned. A process-server was waiting outside, trying to make Alan pay for it."

Now married for over 20 years, Jeanne Abel has played a part in many of her husband's schemes. "There are a lot of times he's suspected of doing things he's never had anything to do with," she says.

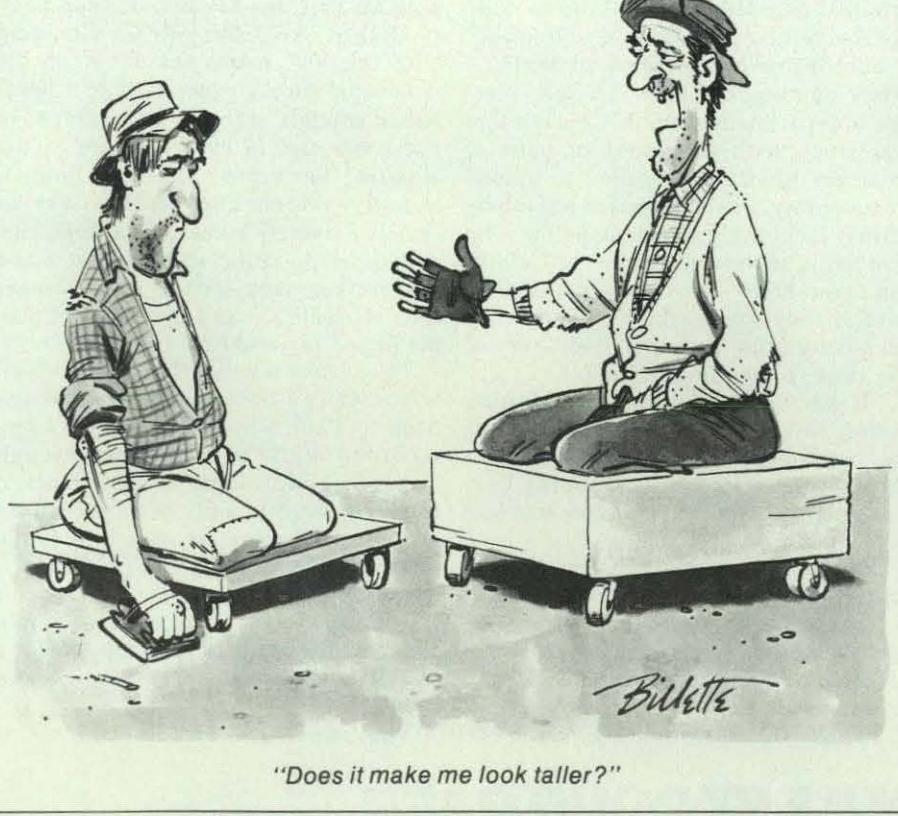
The FBI, for example, mistakenly thought that Abel had tampered with evidence expected by Senator Sam Ervin's Watergate Committee. Previously during those 1974 hearings, Abel had pulled a hoax—holding a press conference in which he posed as an electronics expert who had restored the controversial 18-minute gap edited out of President Nixon's tapes. Later, when a witness failed to produce anticipated information, staff members suspected the committee was being victimized by another Abel hoax.

"FBI agents were at our door the next morning," Mrs. Abel recalls. "But this time Alan was totally innocent."

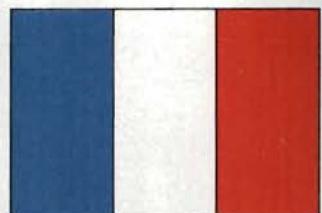
Occasionally Abel runs scams so totally outrageous that he is absolutely certain nobody will take them seriously. For the most part they are one-shot comedies that last only a few hours. One of them was an attempt to get baseball star Reggie Jackson elected governor of New York. Abel spent two hours riding around New York City in a bubble-topped limousine with his doorman—a dead ringer for Jackson—dressed in New York Yankee pinstripes. "Everyone had been telling him for years that he looked like Reggie," Abel says. "So this sort of fulfilled his lifelong fantasy."

Naturally, Abel alerted the New York press corps in advance to guarantee widespread media coverage. Jackson's supposed "platform" included an end to devastating labor strikes in the city and a pledge for mandatory retirement of state employees over 65 or with IQs under 100. Jackson also pledged to institute a meaningful state lottery with such prizes as: ten years of free welfare,

(continued on page 78)



Jennifer



American in Paris





Nighttime in Paris. For centuries these words have been another way of saying sensual excitement. An airline hostess, Jennifer often gets to spend time in France—and she always makes the most of it. "Something magical happens to me when I'm in Paris," she says. "I can feel it in every part of my body. I must have a man." For the voluptuous Jennifer, a man is always just a phone call away. And even though her sexual desire peaks in Paris, she still prefers partners from her native land. "I don't buy that myth about French lovers," Jennifer says. "I look for an American in Paris. American men satisfy me in every way."













HUSTLER'S HONEY · JANUARY 1981





The young woman was surprised when her mother burst into her bedroom and caught her lying naked in bed, with cookies surrounding her cunt and a glass of milk between her legs. The woman's mother demanded an explanation.

"Well," said the daughter, "last Christmas Eve I dreamed of having glorious sex with Santa Claus, but when I woke up, I discovered it hadn't been a dream at all. There was a note between my legs, and it said, 'Thanks—you were fantastic! Signed, Santa.'"

The mother's husband had croaked a few years earlier, and she hadn't been screwed since; so she figured to give her daughter's method a try. She took off her clothes, put some cookies around her cunt and a glass of milk between her legs, and anxiously went to sleep.

Early the next morning the young woman danced into her mother's room. "I've never felt so wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And look at my note! It says, 'Thanks—you were fantastic again! Signed, Santa.'"

"Well, I feel like shit," said the girl's mother. "Look at my note!"

She held out the message: "Thanks—you were fantastic! Signed, Rudolph, Dasher, Dancer, Donner, Blitzen...."

Have you heard about the new Iranian product? It's a soft drink called Ayatollah Cola. It gives everyone gas except the Americans.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *timepiece* as: a hooker who'll let you pay in installments.

One day an Avon lady found herself alone in an elevator. Feeling an urge, she suddenly cut a fart that almost peeled the paint from the walls. She quickly reached in her purse and pulled out a can of her company's pine-scented air-freshener. Just as she finished spraying, the elevator stopped, and a drunk staggered into the car. He turned around and started sniffing.

"Gee, what the hell is that smell?!" he asked.

The lady, proud of her products, answered, "Well, what do you think it smells like?"

The drunk sniffed again and said, "Smells like somebody shit on a Christmas tree!"

Question: What's an overbite?

Answer: That's when you're muff-diving and it starts to taste like shit.

A sailor and a nun were unfortunate enough to become stranded on a lush tropical island. After many weeks of extreme horniness the sailor managed to convince the nun to fuck him. Following a hot and furious fuck, the nun became so morose and plagued by guilt that she wasted away and finally died. Five weeks later the sailor too began to feel guilty about what he was doing, and he buried her.

One night a young woman was picked up in a singles bar by a very handsome gentleman and soon found herself in bed with a face buried deep between her legs. After a few minutes of ecstasy she heard the man begin to mumble, "Mmm, urinate. Mmm, urinate."

Although the woman wasn't into kinky sex, she always tried her hardest to please. Before long she was able to send a warm stream of piss gushing into her new lover's face. The man quickly jumped up and fled to the bathroom. "What in the hell did you do that for?!" he yelled.

"You said urinate," the woman replied.

"Well, you *were* an eight," he said, "until you pissed in my mouth. Now you're a three."

A young girl sat on Santa's lap. "And what would you like for Christmas?" Santa asked her.

"Your cock up my cunt," she replied.

"Now, now," scolded Santa. "What would your mother say if she heard that?"

The girl pondered a moment. "She'd say, 'Me first, you little creep!'"

The grandmother, too frail and ailing to give herself an enema, enlisted her young grandson in the task. She handed the boy the enema pail and hose and, naked, got down on her hands and knees.

"Do I put the hose in the pink hole or the brown hole?" the kid asked.

"The brown hole," the grandmother said.

"I thought so," the kid told her. "I coulda just poured it into the pink one."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER* Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions. ☺

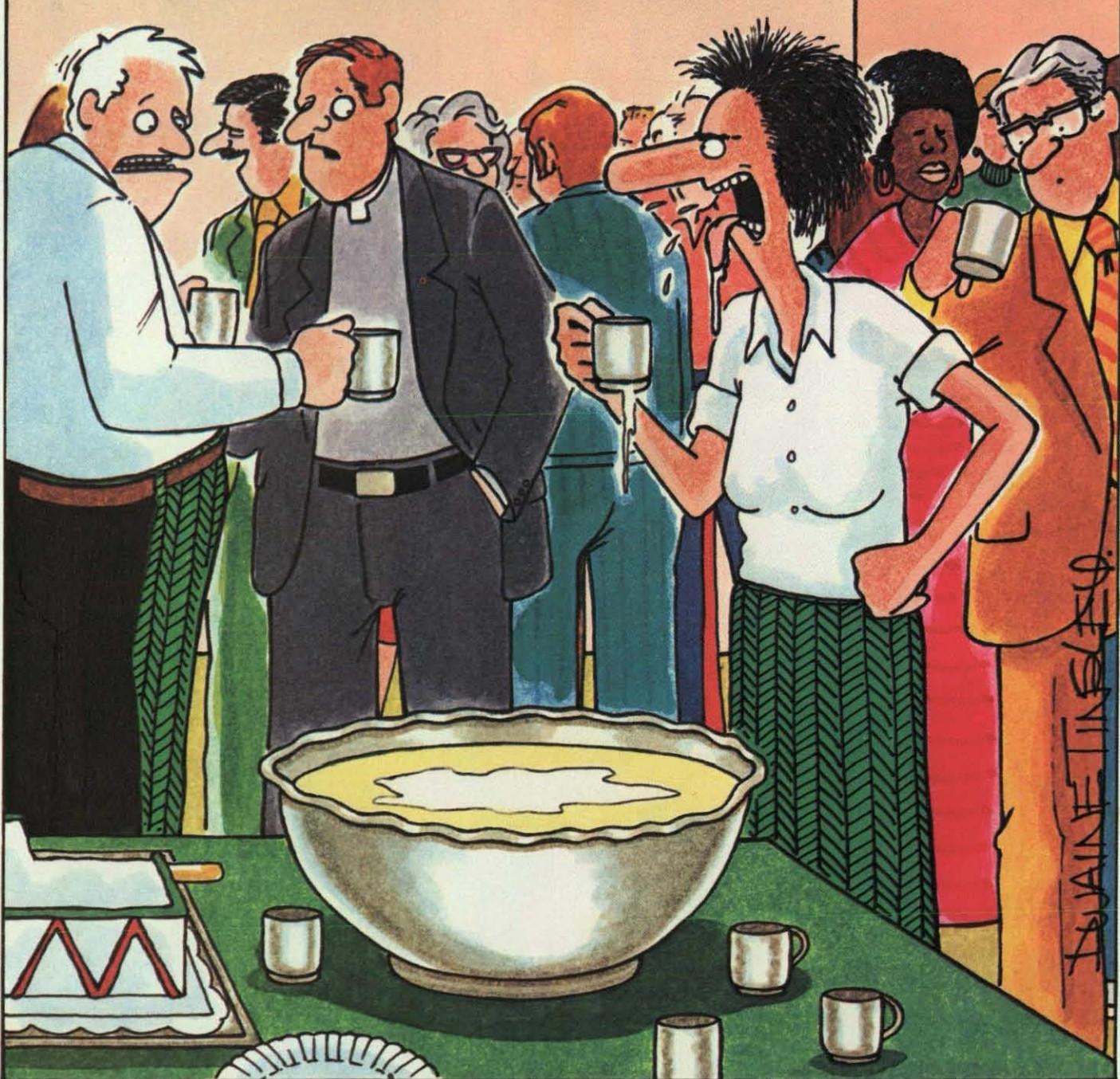
HUSTLER HUMOR



**...and if you think
that's funny...**

CHESTER & HESTER

ANNUAL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
CHRISTMAS PARTY



"Yicchh! . . . Okay—what shitheel shot off in the eggnog?!"

MEN'S MAGAZINES 101

TYPICAL POSES:

- A) SPLIT BEAVER
- B) ASS SHOTS
- C) HANDS ON TITS
- D) SEDUCTIVE EXPRESSION



SIXTH ANNUAL UNBIASED REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES

BY PAT McCORMICK

This year's choice to conduct *HUSTLER*'s annual unbiased, uncensored review of men's magazines is Pat McCormick—the versatile TV writer and comedian probably best-known for his hilarious appearances on the *Tonight show*.

As a foil for host Johnny Carson, the 6-foot-7-inch, 275-pound McCormick has been dressed up as a St. Patrick's Day leprechaun, a Thanksgiving turkey, the first whooping crane born in captivity, the Easter Bunny and a diapered New Year's baby. He has also appeared in such major motion pictures as *A Wedding; Smokey and the Bandit, Parts I and II; Scavenger Hunt; Hot Stuff; The Shaggy D. A.; and Buffalo Bill and the Indians. Under the Rainbow*—a \$9.5-million parody of *The Wizard of Oz* that McCormick co-wrote—is currently in production. His co-stars include Chevy Chase, Carrie Fisher and 100 midgets.

During his 20-year show-business career McCormick has written for a virtual Who's Who of television and nightclub comedians, among them Red Skelton, Phyllis Diller, Jonathan Winters, Don Rickles, Jack Paar, Garry Moore, Danny Kaye, Dick Van Dyke, Lucille Ball, Danny Thomas, Joey Bishop, Bill Cosby and the most cherished of all—Johnny Carson.

To determine whether McCormick was qualified to author our men's-magazine guide, we asked him to write down his experiences in the field of sex. After you read what follows, you'll know why we considered him perfect for the task.

* * *

At age five I lost my innocence when my father locked me in a telephone booth with a midget. It was kind of a weird homosexual experience, although a small one.

I grew up in the little town of Rocky River, Ohio. The first magazine that ever turned me on was *National Geographic*, which had pictures of native ladies stripped to the waist. Those pictures were so exciting that I had to examine them alone in the attic. Whenever I went up there, my mother made me wear thin paper mittens so I wouldn't abuse myself. Underwear ads in women's

magazines and in the Sears, Roebuck catalog were also big turn-ons. To this day I still cut out the bra-and-girdle photos from mail-order catalogs.

By the time I got to high school, I was so familiar with the Corset Cuties in cheesecake magazines like *Pic* and *Wink* that I would dream about black-net stockings, garter belts, negligees and high heels. The cheesecake layouts would have headlines like "Beautiful Beth Guild Is a Tantalizing Teaser With the Boldest of Lush Curves." The only problem was that neither Beautiful Beth Guild nor any of the other curvaceous cuties ever took their clothes off.

Before long I was exposed to more-titillating material in nearby towns where stores sold magazines showing stark-naked ladies. We called those publications brown-paperbag jobs. Since I had a pretty straitlaced Catholic-family upbringing, there was no way I could take any of them home. So I used to paste the best pictures to the back of the seat in front of me at school. That's why I flunked math.

I did much better in hygiene class. When no one was looking, I'd trace the charts showing how babies were born, take them out to an isolated field and stick a part of me through them. Heaven help any sheep that might have wandered by, because I was ready for them too. All of us in high school used to think that making it with a sheep would change our luck. I had a friend who changed his luck five times in one week.

Another classmate fell in love with a tree that had a very sensuous knothole. He is now happily married to a forest in southern Ohio. A lot of guys used to buy a couple of pieces of liver, run off to the barn and snicker a lot. Some of those guys went one step further. Have you ever heard a cow scream? It's not a pretty sound.

Keep in mind that in my hometown a kiss was considered a big deal. So you can imagine how horny I was by the time I left

for college. There was so much semen backed up inside me that I could actually gargle it. The situation improved at Harvard University, where I began meeting real girls—voluptuous, willing coeds from Radcliffe and Wellesley. Sometimes I'd go down to the Charles River with one of the girls, sneak into the yacht house and make it in one of the boats used by the rowing crew. I had a friend who was the crew's coxswain. He used to sit in the back of the boat and holler out the strokes for us.

It was only natural that I soon began getting into kinkier stuff. I always thought it would be a kinky thing to make love under a horse with kidney trouble. It never happened though. I tried it about 12 times but could never find the right horse. And three of my former girlfriends were left with hoofprints in the middle of their asses.

I had just graduated from college and entered law school when the advent of *Playboy* and its famous centerfold changed the world of men's magazines. Some of my fellow law students worked so hard that they didn't have much of a social life. I remember one of them taking a copy of *Playboy*—instead of a girl—to Bermuda for a weekend. He spent a lot of time in bed with the magazine and seemed to be especially pleased that he didn't have to light a cigarette for it afterward.

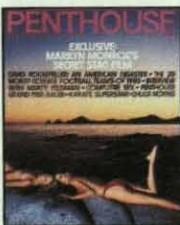
Since those years in school, I've had ample opportunity to view America's sexual revolution and the magazines that chronicle it—firsthand. My research indicates that we can't rely on the old ways to excite ourselves anymore. There always have to be new innovations.

All of us are looking for a sexual jolt—a little bit of excitement that keeps us from becoming jaded. In the future, therefore, I see three things that are going to be needed to maintain a good, healthy sex life for every American: plenty of butter, a sturdy trapeze and a solid-state cattle prod.



Like somebody who is getting on in years (*Playboy* just recently celebrated its 25th birthday), one of the troubles with this magazine is too much fat and flab. Take the famous in-depth "Playboy Interview."

Now, I'm a great fan of Roy Scheider—the star of *Jaws* and *All That Jazz*—but I just couldn't get in the mood to read *Playboy*'s interview with him, because it must have run 50 pages! While they're nice to look at and their photo quality is clearly first-rate, I'm getting tired of predictable layouts with titles like "The Girls of Canada" or "The Girls of Texas" or "The Girls of Washington." How about some photo-sets with a little more color—like "The Girls of Hiroshima" or "Boat People Girls" or "The Girls of the Holocaust"? Despite these troubles, *Playboy* has obviously evolved into a fine magazine during its quarter-century of existence. The graphics are excellent, the articles interesting and the fiction top-notch. It's the only publication of its kind that both fathers and sons can say they've taken up to the attic.



For years this magazine was famous for its soft-focus girlie photos shot by publisher Bob Guccione, who achieved a fantasylke quality by rubbing substances on his camera lens. Apparently he's not taking as many pictures anymore. Recent issues of *Penthouse* have been crammed with articles and picture stories on Guccione's sex movie, *Caligula*. Otherwise, the magazine remains much the same as it has been during most of its ten-year existence. In "Penthouse Forum," readers write in to share their sexual experiences. These stories are so wild, they make the Marquis de Sade sound like Mother Goose. The Happy Hooker, Xaviera Hollander, is still cranking out "Call Me Madam," her column of sex advice. Having Xaviera advise people on sex is kind of like having Orson Welles write about eating. It's overkill, to say the least. In one recent issue there was an interview with Charlton Heston. I found it a little unsettling to be looking at a picture of a vagina, turning the page and then seeing Moses.



Nobody has to twist my arm to say that this magnificent magazine seems to do everything right. When Gutenberg invented the printing press, I think this is what he had in mind. Seriously, *HUSTLER* seems to be the first with innovative ideas, explicit photos, aggressive journalism and the best erotic fiction. It's always in the forefront, always one step ahead of the others and—according to some reliable sources I know—

a big favorite in the Vatican. A major thing that distinguishes *HUSTLER* is its elaborate "fantasy" spreads, like *The Nymph and the Satyr* (July 1980). My only complaint is the cartoons. I suppose they're consistent with *HUSTLER*'s shocking style, but I don't like getting hit over the head. Like the one in which the little boy catches his sister in the act and tells her lover, "She really likes it when you stick a finger up her ass." That's about as subtle as a Mack truck. One section I always read is *Bits & Pieces*. It's like an X-rated version of television's *That's Incredible*. Where else can you see an ostrich taking a dump or half a dog being put into a doggy bag? *Bits & Pieces* once ran a picture of a woman with tits so huge that even Jesse Owens couldn't have jumped across either one. Now that's incredible!



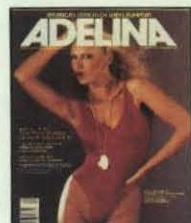
Playboy's little sister is classy-looking, but it's been searching for an identity of its own ever since it first appeared in 1972. I'm told that Hugh Hefner and company decided on a major face-lift after circulation dropped

by an alarming 250,000 copies. Beginning last January its ad campaign promised that the new *Oui* would become a male version of *Cosmopolitan*, offering lifestyle service features for the 18-to-29-year-old reader. Whether this will work I don't know, but it was interesting to find out that about six months into this experiment Assistant Publisher Richard Kramer and Managing Editor Peter Brennan departed rather suddenly. One service feature was on voyeurism. If voyeurism becomes the next big trend, *Oui* can follow up with an article on peeping-Tom equipment, such as spiked shoes for climbing trees, clip-on binoculars and pants that let out in the crotch. Speaking of crotches, *Oui's* girls have always assumed tame, pre-*HUSTLER* poses. But now the sensuous European models it used to get through an agreement with the French edition of *Playboy* are being replaced by modest All-American types in even less-revealing poses. All in all, though, I like the magazine.



CHIC is unique and always full of inventive surprises. *Odds & Ends* is one of them. Recently it featured some eye-opening information on early American dildos. No wonder the covered wagons took so long to cross the Great Divide. Typically, *CHIC* was right on top of the news with its recent coverage of mud wrestling. The nice thing about mud wrestling is that if you have to go to the bathroom, you don't have to get out of the ring. *CHIC* has the same kind of cartoons that I don't like in *HUSTLER*. As a matter of fact, they seem particularly out of place in *CHIC*. This magazine has a good mix of articles, and I like its crisp new format, with a lot of shorter mini-articles. A few issues

back a swingers classified section was added. The artwork is very stylish throughout the magazine. As for the photo-sets, I was impressed by a layout in which a girl photographer was eating the shorts off a weight lifter. That sounds like it might be fun. Maybe I'll have to start thinking about wearing underwear again.



This magazine is the English-language version of a sophisticated, highly successful Italian publication called *Playmen*. When it first appeared under that title last January, *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner had connivings and immediately took the publisher to court. Hence the new title—*Adelina*—in honor of its publisher, Adelina Tattilo, who founded *Playmen* a dozen years ago. On the plus side, *Adelina* retains much of the slick feeling of its European ancestor. It started out very tame, with European photo-layouts, but lately it's been jazzed up with hotter American stuff. But *Adelina's* girl poses are still soft compared to many of its competitors. Its editorial direction is sometimes imaginative, but you still see trite subject matter like "The Wild Women of New Wave Rock"—something even *Genesis* did. Reading the magazine's ad section is like being a kid in a candy store for fetish-lovers. I couldn't help but notice the King Kong Dong, which I imagine is a giant bananalike appendage you can peel before eating. I'd never try anything like that. Too many calories.



A skeptic might wonder why the world needs another men's magazine. But this newcomer, just about eight issues old, seems a lot different than most of the others. The thrust of *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION* is totally unpretentious sex and fun. It's good-looking, well-laid-out, with fine-quality printing and paper. Its former Executive Editor, Jack Olesker, must have done something right, because now he's Editorial Director of *HUSTLER* and *CHIC* as well as of GC. GC's new Executive Editor is Joel Uman. The *Bulletin Board* section at the beginning features oddball stuff. Where else can you find a photo of a donkey fucking a zebra? At first I thought it was a donkey fucking a prisoner—but that came ten pages later. GC was the first major men's magazine to include a classified section for swingers. One ad really caught my eye: "Asshole Fuckers Wanted." It also has a *Fun & Games* section with a porno crossword puzzle and a connect-the-dots game. I tried to connect the dots, but my hand got a little shaky when I got to the girl's private parts—numbers 16 through 39. I'd be remiss not to mention Granny, the sex columnist who seems to have a witty answer for everything. The hottest thing my grandmother ever talked about was chicken soup.



This publication, once known as "The Magazine for Consenting Adults," has been around so long, the founders' great-grandchildren must be taking it to the bathroom by now. It's gone through a lot of changes over the years, and with the recent addition of former HUSTLER Managing Editor Jim Heinisch as Editor, there has been noticeable improvement in the articles and photographs. Many of the articles on subjects like athletes' drug use and the making of *The Empire Strikes Back* are slick and up-to-date. But its interview with Gay Talese—which CHIC rejected—came out after *Playboy*'s. Often *Swank* seems to follow the old Gypsy Rose Lee expression, "You gotta have a gimmick." The best example is its recent three-dimensional photos of a nude girl. All it succeeded in doing was making the model's spiked heel look like it was going to kick me in the face. That may be a turn-on for some guys, but it didn't do much for me. Neither did a layout on "Swinging in a Nudist Retreat." Some of the bodies shown were a good argument for a mandatory dress code. The regular section I like most deals with women's sexual fantasies. One reader's fantasy was having a school of fish swarming around her naked body. I understand that she once climaxed 11 times during a Jacques Cousteau TV special.



Club is another low-budget sex mag with poor layout. Its big claim to fame is billed on the cover as a "Publishing First! Club's Very Private Pages." This section gets rather explicit. I counted 721 things you

can do with your index finger. The reader has to use scissors or, if he's desperate, a fingernail to slit open this special section. And what he discovers—two acrobatic girls and a guy playing grab-ass in a sweaty sauna—seems hardly worth the trouble. Look at them too long, and you'll be a candidate for The New Celibacy. More of a turn-on are the responses to readers' letters by veteran porn star Marilyn Chambers, who *Club* stole from *Genesis*. "I just finished having a totally mind-bending orgasm with my fabulous three-speed vibrator," she says. She never mentions what the three speeds are. But I'll bet she's got a helluva reverse.



Cheri bills itself as the "all-true sex-news" magazine, and it certainly goes out of its way to live up to that promise. A recent issue took a look at sex in Chicago, filling us in on the hottest dating services, social clubs and adult motels it could find. But sometimes the truth hurts. Covering a Double-D contest at a Chicago burlesque theater

(until I saw this, I thought DD's were batteries you put in your vibrator), *Cheri* turned up a horsey blonde named Sonia, who looked like a reject from the Miss Warsaw Contest. If the Polish shipyard workers from Gdansk had had to put up with stuff like this, they'd still be on strike. One thing *Cheri* does deliver is plenty of sex. Where else can you find, in just one issue, graphic pictures of a girl who sucks vacuum-cleaner hoses; costumed partygoers licking toes and grabbing ass at a Halloween Ball; and two naked ladies wrapped in extension cords at a telephone sexual-dating service? Of course, all these pictures didn't leave much room for the writers. But when one editor described a DD contestant's tits as "perfect, like twin, in-season melons hung deliciously on a vine," I figured that the *Cheri* reader is better off with less writing.



Gallery's been around for a while, but in the last three years it has deliberately set out to become the least sexually explicit of all the men's magazines. The idea, of course, is to get on the newsstands that won't carry the hotter titles. And management also hopes to attract bigger bucks from cigarette-paper, tequila and cologne advertisers. So instead of running pictures of women with big busts, it is substituting articles like "Finding Boom Jobs in a Bust Economy!" And to find an abundant patch of pubic hair in *Gallery*'s pages, you have to use a magnifying glass. The big deal in each issue is the "Girl Next Door"—an amateur photography contest in which readers are paid \$35 for submitting photos of their girlfriends, wives and acquaintances. If these are the girls-next-door, it certainly can't be *my* neighborhood. This feature doesn't hold a candle to HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*. Unfortunately, some of the women's poses are about as erotic as Herb Alpert's trumpet. And many of the contestants look a little frayed around the edges. The 1979 winner, for example, was 53 years old. When I start having erotic fantasies about a 53-year-old woman, I'll be ready for the rest home.



"When I lick a stamp, I pretend it's a fat juicy cock," says *High Society* publisher Gloria Leonard in one of her monthly statements to the world. Right away you know that she and Billy Graham are coming from different places. The hype for her seems like a PR gimmick to me. It's not bad enough that you have to look at countless photographs of the oversexed Leonard in each issue. Or that you have to read her dumb interviews with weirdos like Paula Klaw, the first lady of bondage, accompanied by pictures of Leonard with whip in mouth and wrists tied behind her back. Or read her drooling responses to the queries of

brain-damaged readers: "Dear Nick . . . I've always had a soft (and warm and wet) spot between my legs for guys who are psyched up on physique." But occasionally you also have to listen to her pseudosex voice on a vinyl-coated cardboard 33-rpm record stapled into the centerfold. Between groans, growls and gasps she gives dim-witted advice such as, "To get ahead, you've got to give head." By the time she builds to a large, fake orgasm, you're ready to rip the cheesy piece of cardboard off your turntable, hoping that it hasn't damaged your expensive cartridge. I've always hated pushy broads.



Genesis Well, it lost Marilyn Chambers's sexual-advice column to *Club*, but it does have an advice column by Dr. Sal Jacuzzi, called "Ask Dr. Sal." He's supposed to be a psychologist and Ph.D., but he writes things like,

"In my experience it's easy to meet women playing pinball, especially ones with large breasts. Very often the well-endowed woman will have difficulty following the track of the ball—and that's where you, the guy, step in." So much for higher education. One of the earliest rip-offs of *Playboy*, *Genesis* is filled with fluffy articles and with a great number of girls who seem to enjoy playing with themselves. It must have a big circulation in women's prisons. The magazine's publisher is Rocky H. Aoki, the same guy responsible for the chain of Benihana of Tokyo restaurants, where the chef comes out and pounds and chops meat right at your table. In *Genesis* Aoki has found a vehicle for at-home meat-beaters. He used to be active in the editorial pages, writing a publisher's statement each month. The response wasn't much, and now he keeps a low profile.



For you people out there who want to pick up a magazine that will make you say "Holy shit!"—this is the one. The magazine is pure sex from cover to cover. Forget about anything of redeeming social value.

You can tell by looking at it that *Velvet* is a low-budget operation. The photo quality is poor, and the writing is sloppy. The guy who puts it out is David Zentner. You old-timers may remember him as the publisher of *Escapade* in the 1950s. *Escapade* was right up there with *Playboy* in those early days before it lost out, and *Playboy* became the established leader. *Velvet*'s creative director, Bruce Kennedy, used to be an associate art director at HUSTLER; so it's not surprising that there's been at least some improvement in this publication. But you still have to put up with a ridiculous sex-advice columnist called "Velva Feeley"—a phony name if I ever heard one. As for its photos, one layout shows a girl getting laid on a craps table by a guy trying for a hard eight. 'Nuff said.

PROFILE: ALAN ABEL

(continued from page 60)

unemployment compensation or a job at City Hall; preservation of the winner's footprints in cement in a street pothole of his choice (75,000 locations available in Manhattan alone); a night on the town with the city's Sanitation Department director or with transsexual tennis player Dr. Renee Richards; 100 memberships in Spanish Harlem street gangs.

"The governor we got now ain't good enough," said a bogus Jackson supporter from Brooklyn. "Give me someone with two balls and no strikes."

The high-water mark of Abel's fame probably occurred back in 1967, the year Paramount Pictures took a movie option on his life story, and he sold Simon & Schuster a book on the naked-animal scam, *The Great American Hoax*. He invested his \$50,000 proceeds in *Is There Sex After Death?*, a successful satirical film made with Buck Henry in 1971. Later, he also produced a comic documentary on Watergate, *The Faking of the President*, which has turned into something of a cult film.

When talking about movies, Abel gets a bit nostalgic as he remembers the day Paramount wrote out the \$7,500, six-month option check. He was so proud of

his ability to pose as the ultimate scam artist that he took the check to his father, then the owner of a general store in Ohio. Abel wanted to show him that he wasn't really the family's black sheep, that he used his creativity to earn a living. "But he never understood," Abel says, shaking his head disappointedly. Few people do.

Abel declares: "When admirers ask me how I come up with some of my stuff, I say, 'Do you ask a violinist how he plays a sonata?' I'm an artist, a performer. I work very hard at what I do."

He follows only a few self-imposed rules in implementing his sophisticated practical jokes: play them as long as possible, don't blow the cover and don't hurt anybody. "If you don't know it's a joke, you don't deserve to be told," he says. "I just want to have some fun, to give ulcers rather than get them. There are times when I puncture a balloon that I feel needs to be pricked because it's a public service. I don't throw pies or do whoopee cushions or try to hurt people. I think if I lived in medieval times, I would have been a court jester and in great favor with the king."

The practical joke, or hoax, did not originate in the devious, fertile mind of Alan Abel. Surely the idea dates back to cavemen, and God only knows whether

the serpent in the Garden of Eden was kidding when it induced Adam and Eve to take bites out of the now-infamous apple. Most deceptions—such as pyramid schemes and stock-and-securities frauds—are not true hoaxes, because they are inspired by greed. That was certainly the case with Clifford Irving's faked biography of reclusive billionaire Howard Hughes in 1971. "It was a brilliant idea," Abel says. "If only he hadn't taken the money."

More than anything else, a foolproof hoax requires imagination. It involves the highest form of humor—satire—walking a tightrope between wit, irony, sarcasm and whatever the victim perceives as absolute truth. It requires a gift for making up stories, a constantly sober expression no matter how hairy things get and a good deal of acting ability. Most of all, the hoaxer must look and sound like he's legitimate.

Abel does just that. The last thing to suspect him of is posing as someone he's not. Yet it's difficult to tell where Abel—the-hoaxter ends and the real Abel—advertising expert and film producer—begins. Although hoax publicity undoubtedly has helped him get work, it's hardly a profitable business. In fact, he says it costs him between \$500 and \$2,000 to uncork a scheme.

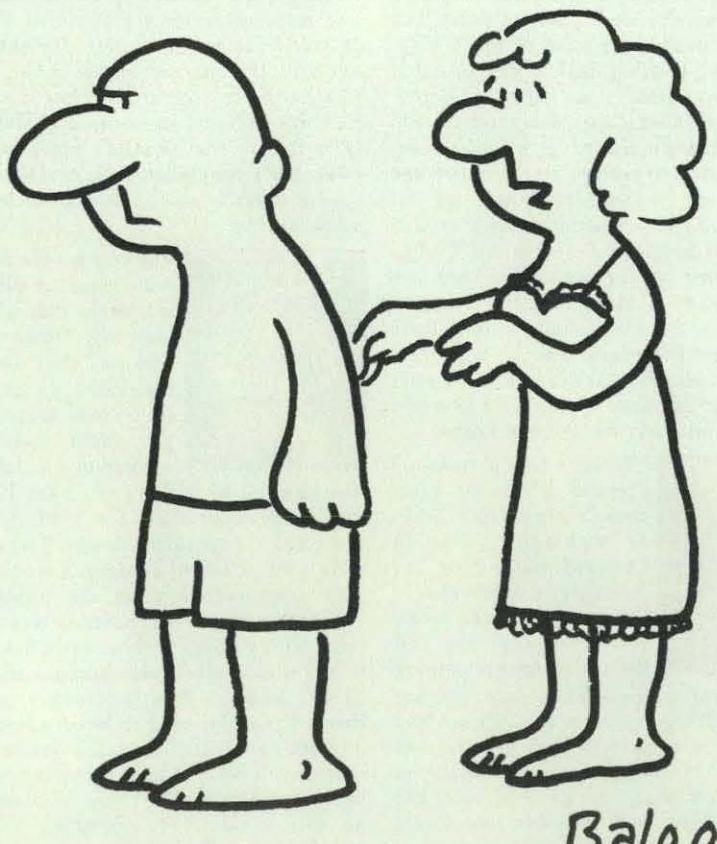
Steady income is generated from delivering an average of 40 talks a year on a national lecture tour. Recently he went to Columbus, Ohio, to address a convention of auto-parts dealers. Posing as a Detroit automotive executive, he told unsuspecting salesmen that they could expect to be selling toilet seats in the near future. "Every car will have one," he deadpanned.

Like many humorists, Abel's ideas filter into his head from the mainstream of life. Back in 1971 the Internal Revenue Service called him in for what he considered to be an unwarranted audit. Honest Abel owed nothing, but was put out by the hassle of the federal bureaucracy. He reacted by filing suit in federal court to examine the complete financial records of the U.S. government for the year 1970.

"Basically, my action requested that the government bring every single canceled check to [New York's] Central Park for public viewing," he recalls. This kept government lawyers busy for quite some time until a judge threw the case out as frivolous, a conclusion with which Abel would have been the last to argue.

Abel loves to stage phony press conferences and hire limousines to make grand entrances. He did just that on

(continued on page 86)



"It's not just you, James. I don't want to pee on anybody."

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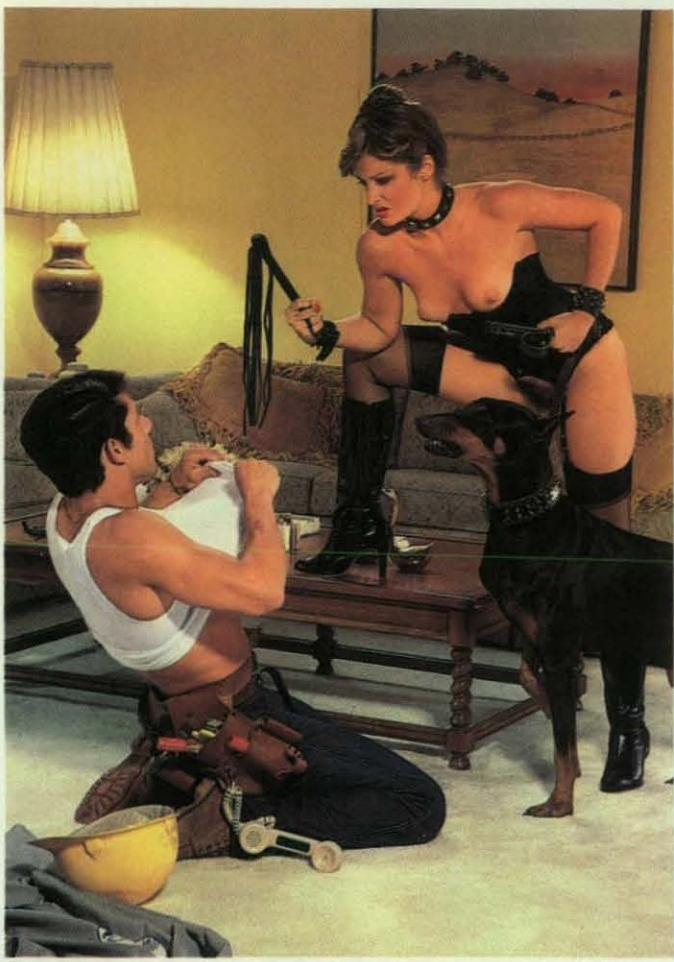
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DOG DAY AFTERNOON

The unsuspecting repairman is no match for the erotic appetite of the domineering divorcee. With a trained attack dog at her side, she forces him into acts of passion he has never known. Strangely, he finds an inner power as the passive partner. Free from his traditional role as the sexual aggressor, he senses his own movements gathering force while her lustful sneers turn to moans of ecstasy. They come together in a violent flurry of sexual release.















PROFILE: ALAN ABEL

(continued from page 78)

April Fool's Day 1979, when he pulled his Idi Amin stunt. Press releases had proclaimed that the deposed Ugandan dictator would be joined in marriage with a female American mercenary in order to gain asylum in the U.S. The phony Amin—played by a 6-4, 250-pound actor—arrived by limo at New York's Plaza Hotel.

The joke was prematurely exposed when a local TV reporter recognized Abel as he prepared to perform the marriage ceremony. But rather than being upset, those assembled at the Plaza unanimously acknowledged this latest example of Abel's ingenuity. "It was the first time I ever got applause from members of the press," he states.

The local media have not always been so cordial. One time Abel appeared at the St. Regis Hotel in New York, posing as Howard Hughes—his face concealed by bandages. An Abel accomplice announced that "Hughes" had decided to buoy America's faltering economy by suspending himself cryogenically—freezing his body in a life-supporting container of liquid nitrogen—until the Dow Jones stock averages had sufficiently recovered from their long slump.

But a suspicious TV newscaster terminated the hoax by splattering Abel's bandaged face with a pie.

One of Abel's favorite and most challenging practical jokes was performed two years ago on the Mensa Society, whose members' IQs are in the top-2 percentile in the country. Wearing dark glasses, a hooded cloak and a false mustache, Abel posed as Prince Emir Assad, an oil-rich Saudi. He walked into a Mensa meeting and said that he had bought up much of the real estate in Cleveland, thereby saving that city from imminent fiscal collapse. "Arabs really aren't all that bad," he told the group.

Surprisingly, the genius society swallowed the ploy whole. "People seem to accept wealthy people more readily than those who have no money," Abel says. "They're more willing to believe someone who is rich. And the smarter people are, the more gullible they are."

Other Abel gags prey on basic human weaknesses—especially greed. In 1975 he placed in New York's *Village Voice* a single classified ad designed to attract the money-hungry. "The art of panhandling taught by a pro," it read. "One-week course. Good income. Omar. 1182 Broadway, Rm. 804, NYC 10011."

"There was no school, of course, but I got 100 letters from that ad, including

ten or 15 from reporters," Abel claims. "I knew the school would be an instant success after giving just a few interviews to newsmen." When he first appeared on the TV-talk-show circuit, he wore a hood to protect his "identity." Growing bolder, he permitted news media to photograph classroom sessions in which he showed a group of bogus students—actually his out-of-work actor friends—how to panhandle. One creative technique was to pour ketchup on a sleeve and whine, "I'm bleeding and need some money to take a cab to the hospital."

"Always say please," Omar advised. "It shows manners, and it's worth a couple of bucks extra every time."

Abel also made up some outrageous "success" stories to boost interest in the school. One star graduate was supposedly a Puerto Rican exhibitionist who stood at bus stops naked, with a newspaper covering his genitals. Begging for help, he told passersby that he'd been mugged and relieved of his money and clothes.

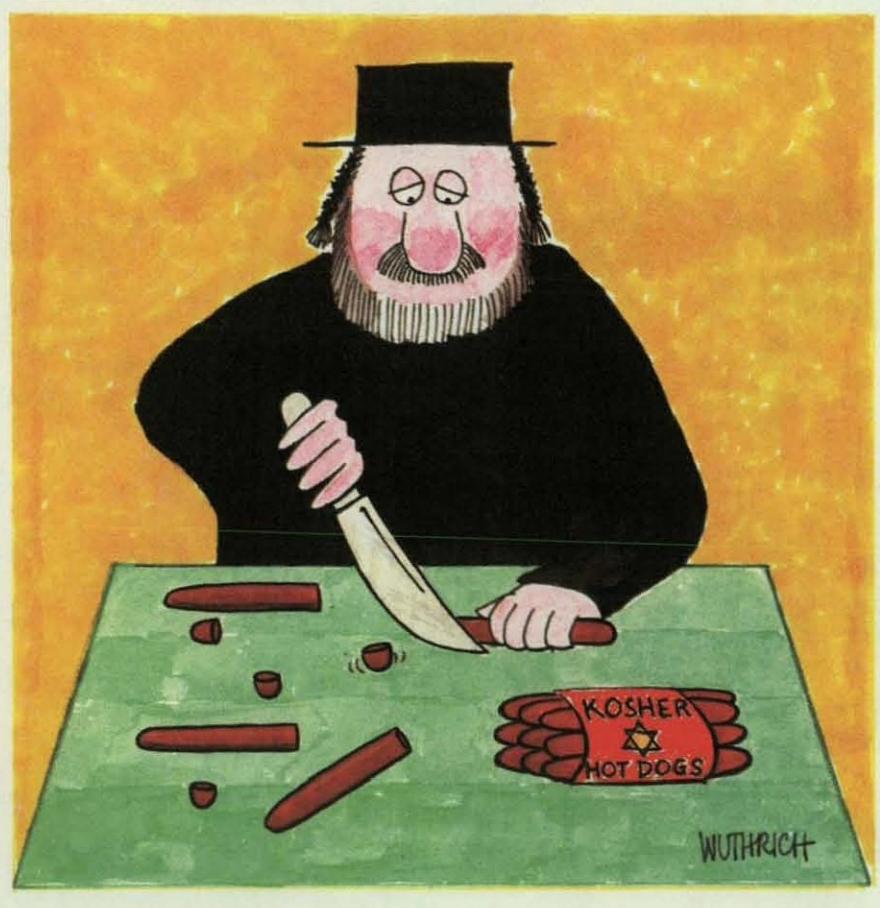
The beggar school was such a smash that *Playboy* and *New Times* reported it as a legitimate story. Abel also succeeded in duping the *Wall Street Journal*, which complained that such immoral and unethical business practices were the wrong way to deal with a sagging economy. Once again, Abel had given uptight New Yorkers a well-needed laugh.

Appropriately, the zany Abel was born in Zanesville, Ohio. He grew up in the Midwest, went to Ohio State University and hoped to become a jazz drummer. Although he's no Buddy Rich, Abel did play for a time at New York's Radio City Music Hall. Today he and his wife, Jeanne, live quietly in a typical middle-class house in the woods near Stamford, Connecticut.

A suburban setting, however, is the only thing typical about the Abel home. In the backyard stands a 40-foot-long, 50-ton red caboose, dating back to 1911. A few years ago he was doing some promotional work for an auto club, and when it came time to settle the bill, Abel jokingly told his client to throw in a toy caboose for his young daughter. Soon a railroad company called, saying a caboose was on its way.

Abel thought it was a hoax until the damn thing was delivered to the Stamford train station. Neighbors opposed its installation, doubting that it was a "proper" piece of architecture for the suburban heartland. But Abel, feisty as he is, got a zoning variance. He now uses the railroad car for parties as well as a place to dream up new pranks and

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HUSTLER®

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PROFILE: ALAN ABEL

(continued from page 86)

to bask in the success of the old ones.

The most outrageous of all his lampoons took place on New Year's Day 1980, when newspapers and wire services reported that Abel had died in Orem, Utah, the victim of an apparent heart attack. His trumped-up death took six months to set up, including a long wait for January 1—when he knew the news media had only skeleton crews working, and reporters' guards would be lowered.

"In a world of flimflam artists, Alan was the maestro," wrote saddened Jay Sharbutt of the Associated Press. "The others were merely pretenders to the throne. Where he differed from the others is that they labored for such mundane things as money, power and fame. Alan did it for the best of reasons: the sheer hell of it."

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* also mourned his loss in an editorial noting that Abel was "a great wit cut from the cloth of [satirists] James Thurber and Jonathan Swift." And even the esteemed *New York Times* was suckered into the exhaustingly detailed scheme Abel had plotted with 12 well-coached accomplices. After the *Times* newsroom had received a floral wreath by messenger—

bearing a note asking that it be sent to Abel's family—reporters called his wife, relatives and a funeral parlor to confirm that the prankster had indeed passed away. Eventually the paper ran a six-inch obituary. But a day later, after Abel turned up at a press conference, the *Times* was forced to print a terse retraction.

"That was a once-in-a-lifetime thrill," Abel confides, suppressing a smile.

Abel had originally planned an elaborate funeral, intending to miraculously resurrect himself after stirring celebrity eulogies, somber music from a string quartet and the reading of his will. That part of the plan fell through, however, when he could not raise sufficient funds to underwrite the funeral. Ironically, Banker's Trust Company had frozen Abel's account following publication of his death notice.

"I'm sorry, sir, you can't possibly be Mr. Abel," said a teller after conferring with the bank manager. "You must be an impostor. Mr. Abel is dead."

His "widow" received hundreds of condolence letters. "I wanted to see what people really thought of me," Abel confessed. "I was amazed that people thought so well of me."

When the put-on was exposed, there were many follow-up notes. One nasty message read, "I'll meet you in hell.... You surely would have made it there

by now unless there's a worse place."

"Our lives have been threatened on a number of occasions," admits Jeanne Abel. "Some people take it hard when you poke fun at them. We have a large scrapbook filled with hate mail. It's fun to look at from time to time."

On the other hand, one admirer of the phony-death scheme had this to say: "Sensational! I really mourned for you a week ago.... I loved it."

One joker simply wrote: "Ignore previous condolence letter."

At one point Abel phoned a friend in Pittsburgh to assure him that the reports of his death were exaggerated. Naturally, the friend wouldn't believe Abel was calling. He was certain it was a hoax.

There is one more scam that Abel would like to execute, boasting that it would be more challenging than arranging his own death. It would involve landing a Martian in New Jersey—a 1980 version of Orson Welles's famous 1938 radio play, which many listeners mistook as an actual news broadcast. First Abel would advertise to get the right actor—a fairly bright guy with no fillings in his teeth, no surgical scars, perhaps even doctored, untraceable fingerprints.

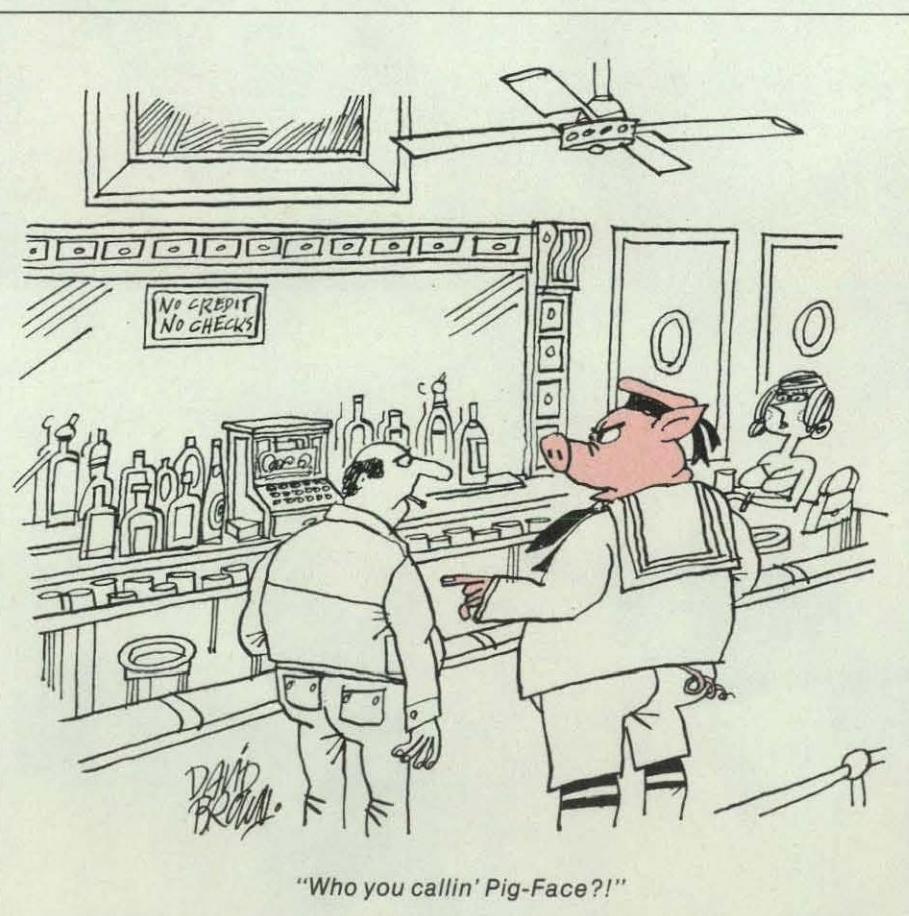
This Martian would appear on the Asbury Park boardwalk, near a scooped-up hunk of sand—the crater formed by the spaceship's landing. Since he'd be wearing nothing but a metal band around his waist, his penis would be hanging out. And he would speak a gobbledegook language.

"At first the cops wouldn't know what to do with him," Abel smiles. "So they'd contact some sort of expert who'd call in a linguist to communicate with him. The linguist would call in doctors who would call in psychiatrists. And by then I'd have it made. Psychiatrists are the easiest guys in the world to fool; they're accustomed to hearing the truth."

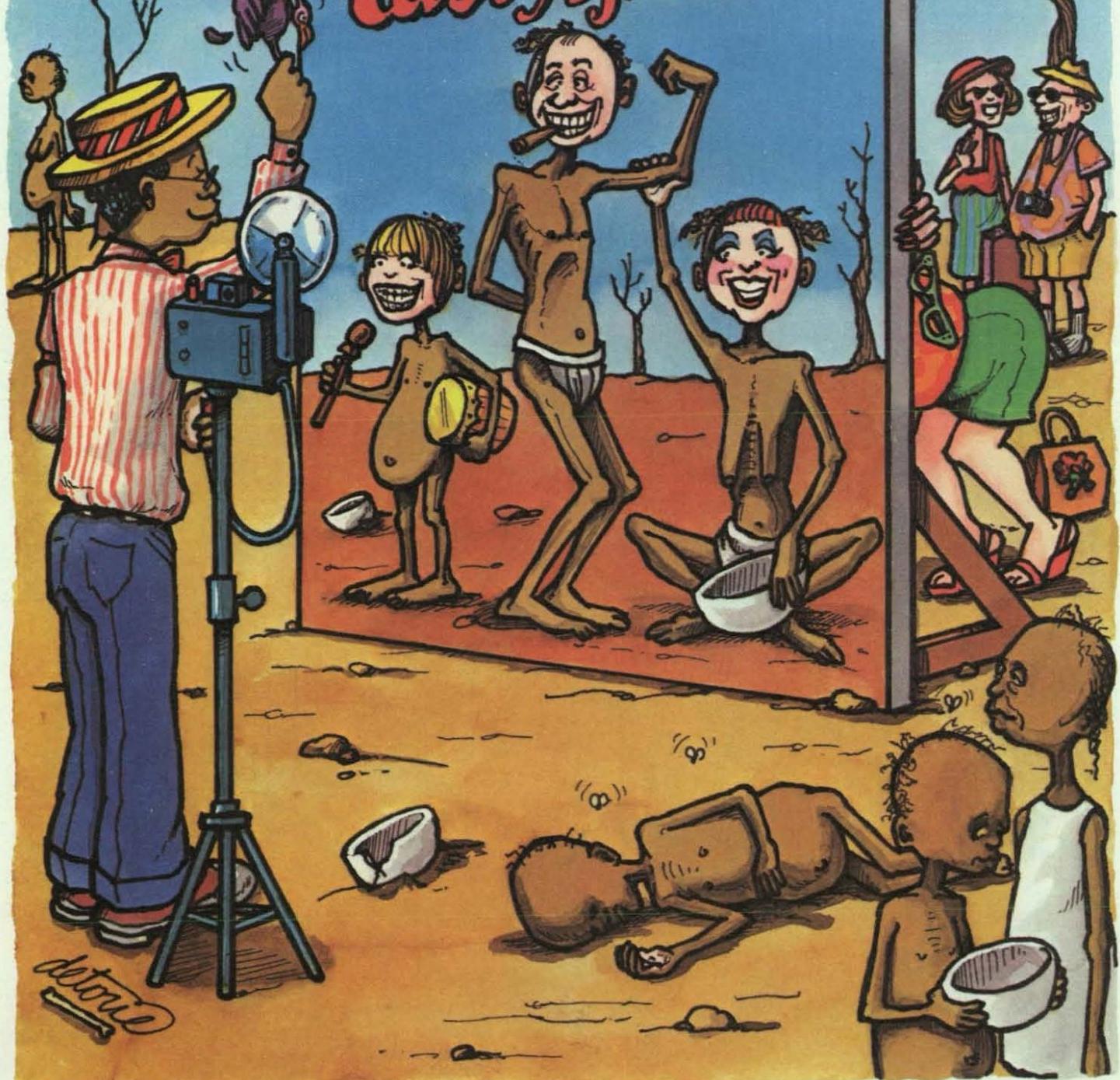
A penis also figures in one of Abel's current legitimate projects—a low-budget, independently produced movie tentatively entitled *Organza*. It's the story of a giant cock that escapes from a research lab in the Midwest and, although harmless and lovable, proceeds to terrorize millions. When sharpshooters try to demolish *Organza*, it simply absorbs the bullets and squirts out gigantic globs of sticky white fluid. The film will be a semidocumentary, complete with ordinary folks discussing their reactions to the runaway penis.

"If nothing else," Abel says, "this flick should be a real comer."

And considering the Great American Hoaxer's past exploits, there's little doubt he'll be able to pull it off. 



GREETINGS FROM SCENIC
East Africa





BEYOND FOREVER

Joanna could feel the flow of the river better, she decided, when her eyes were closed. If she worked at not concentrating, if she really let herself get loose, it almost seemed as if she weren't lying on the big silver raft that was carrying her and 16 fellow travelers along the twisting snake that was the Colorado River. If she tried hard enough, it almost seemed as if she were a part of the river itself... moving with it, rolling with it,

rising and falling with the ebb and flow of the currents.

It had taken her three full days to reach this point of contentment. The first day, it had been physically impossible to unwind. The prospect of rafting through the heart of the Grand Canyon was something she had anticipated for so long that, with its realization, the idea of relaxation seemed far removed.

She'd never forget the sensation of hitting the churning sheets of white

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FICTION BY J. BRADFORD OLESKER

Illustration by Mick McGinty



water that formed the river's first rapid. The raft lurched to the top of a six-foot wave, and for a suspended moment it just hung there without moving. She felt as if they had left the water, as if they were no longer on the river. Then, suddenly, the raft was plummeting down into the white void below. Water was everywhere, ice-cold water, accompanied by joyous screams of excitement as the convulsing rapid took complete control, whipping the vessel from side to side, tossing it seemingly in all directions at once, bouncing the passengers about like tenpins.

And then, as quickly as the roller-coaster sensation had started, it was over, and the craft was serenely floating down the river, the water calm again. Soaked to the bone, Joanna felt a sense of accomplishment. She had weathered the storm and had made it through the passage. A grin of pure pleasure formed on her face as she thought back to what had just taken place.

Her excitement had produced a rush so great that when she felt Keith's arm tighten on her for support, there was an accompanying feeling of sexual arousal within her. She had felt the pulse throbbing between her thighs, felt the rough texture of her T-shirt as it pressed against her stiffened nipples, and she reflected that the experience of shooting

rapids was not at all unlike that of making wild, passionate love. There was the same anticipation, the same fury, the same ecstatic loss of control. And afterward there was the same peace and afterglow. She had reached out and kissed Keith hard on the lips, glad that he was with her.

By now, lying on her back two days later and letting the hot canyon sun beat down on her, Joanna felt like a veteran river-rafter. The group had passed through a dozen rapids since that first morning, several of which had heart-pounding drops of from five to eight feet. She'd seen white water churning around her with awesome power. She'd felt the frigid, mountain-fed river as it cascaded over the raft in a tempest that sometimes—for a frightening moment—buried them beneath a wave.

Now she was feeling contemplative, at peace with herself. When it was quiet like this, when the long, smooth stretches of river came, she thought about the calming effect the canyon had—an effect directly opposed to the excitement of navigating a rapid—and she couldn't decide which mood she preferred.

"You asleep?"

Joanna stirred, wondering if the voice was real or just something that was coming from a hazy place halfway between

sleep and consciousness. "Are you asleep?" the voice repeated.

"Mmm," she answered.

"It lives," Keith teased, sprinkling drops of water on her face.

Her eyes grudgingly opened, and she squinted up at him. The harsh sunlight was blinding. Pulling down on the sunglasses that were meshed into her hair, she focused on Keith, who was smiling the wide, toothy grin she always found infectious. The smile seemed to fit perfectly into the handsome, square features of her husband's tanned face.

"You've really been cutting some zees," he said.

Joanna propped herself up on one elbow, stifled a yawn and said, "Really? How long was I asleep?"

"A couple of hours."

Joanna's eyes widened in surprise. "You're putting me on!" She looked at her watch. "It felt like I was only out for a few minutes."

Keith laughed. "Minutes, hours . . . time doesn't seem to matter much around here, does it?"

She nodded in agreement, her gaze traveling to the canyon walls, which rose, on either side of the river, straight up some 5,000 feet. Keith was right. Time *did* seem to be immaterial in the canyon. The multicolored rock formations, the giant boulders that thousands of years before had tumbled into the river to form markers, the eternal feeling of the canyon—all made a mockery of man's concept of time.

Feeling the raft turning, Joanna looked back to see that Dirk, the guide, was steering the boat toward land. As it came into shallow water, a half-dozen men jumped off, grabbed hold of a bowline and pulled the vessel up onto the shore.

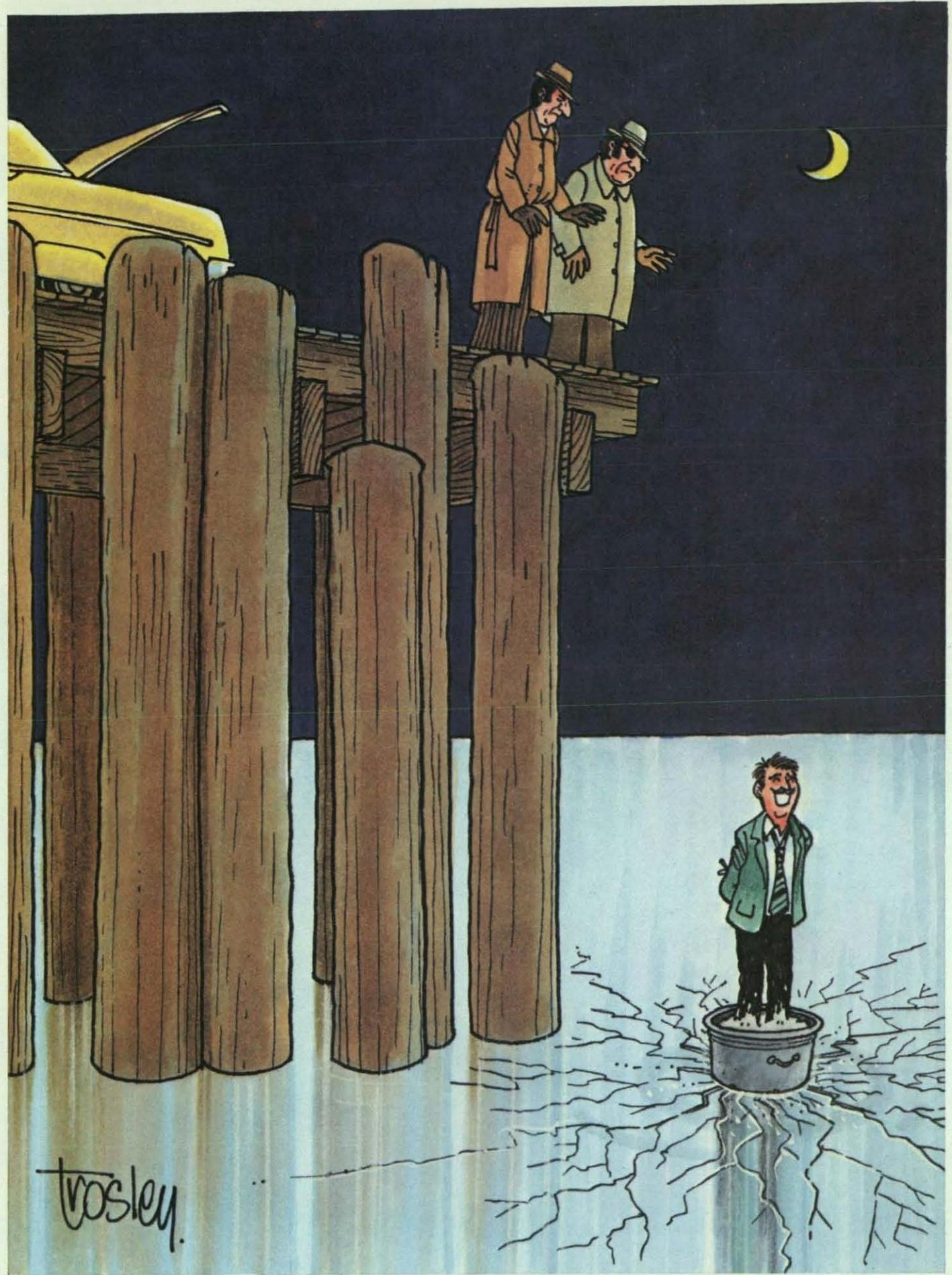
Joanna and Keith jumped off next, settling knee-deep in the frosty water of the Colorado. Goose bumps instantly broke out on their legs. Within minutes the passengers formed a line from the raft up to the slope that sheltered the night's campsite, passing each duffel bag to the top of a small sand dune.

After a tasty campfire dinner of steak, corn-on-the-cob and baked potatoes, Joanna and Keith took a last glance at the sheer face of the Grand Canyon. The walls of stone, rising thousands of feet above them, shimmered red and orange in the sun's waning light. They walked down to the shoreline and listened to the rush of the river as the shadows darkened.

"I'm glad you forced me to take this trip," Keith said.

Joanna laughed. "I didn't have to
(continued on page 106)





Sally Long and Tall







Sally's long, elegant legs have taken her a long way down the road of sexual adventure. "I'm not timid in bed," Sally says. "And I'm always looking for men who can show me something new and exciting." Successful in her career as a high-fashion model, she is quick to seize upon any new opportunity for erotic experiments. She insists that her dazzling legs give her as much pleasure as they do men. "It's a turn-on to wrap my legs around a man while he makes love to me," the six-foot beauty confides. "Sometimes I'll squeeze his head between my thighs and maneuver him to where I want him. Men can usually figure out what to do from there."















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BEYOND FOREVER

(continued from page 94)

twist your arm too hard." But the smile soon left her face.

"Jo, what is it?"

Her gaze traveled out over the water. "Ruth called me just before we left. She got the divorce papers in the mail."

Keith nodded. "Well, honey, it was a decision they made together."

"I know. I know. But they've been married for ten years, Keith." She looked back at the river. "If you and I ever—"

"Hey," he said, touching her shoulder, "you're talking about something that could never happen."

"How do you know?"

He pulled her into his arms. "Because I just know. We could never be apart, Jo. Never. Nothing could ever separate us. We're forever, sweetheart. I swear to you, we'll always be together."

She looked up at him. "Always?"

"Always. Beyond forever."

They walked back up the slope and drifted over toward the campsite to join the other couples. They sat together, Keith's arm encircling her waist, listening to a man named Nels telling about his adventures with the Swedish ski troops during World War II.

As darkness descended upon them, Joanna opened a can of beer. It was chilled to perfection, having been stowed in a sack floating in the river. Several joints were circulating, and she had taken a toke or two just to be sociable. By the time she had started on her second beer, the group was singing "Yellow Rose of Texas," and Joanna could feel a mild buzz coming on.

It was a pleasant high and one that she welcomed, one that took her far away from the world of being a TV news reporter—chasing fires and interviewing corrupt officials at city hall.

"Honey," Keith whispered in her ear, "let's get to bed."

She turned to look at him, a silly smile on her face. "Already?"

He cocked his head, smiling. "You stoned?"

"Course not," she giggled.

Keith patted her on the leg. "Come on. It's late."

"Late? It's only . . . only . . ." She twisted her wrist, trying to catch the light of the dying fire. "Only a little past 11."

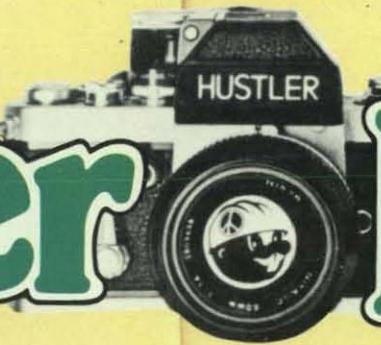
Keith stood up. "Yeah, a little past 11. And you know how the group likes to hit the raft early."

"Right," she said, getting up with her husband's assistance. As she stood, the buzz increased, and now she leaned against him, feeling pleasantly high. Her head was spinning, and she felt as if she were in one of the rapids they had passed through earlier in the day.

Joanna wanted to tell Keith that she loved him, but because she wasn't quite able to

(continued on page 112)

Beaver Hunt

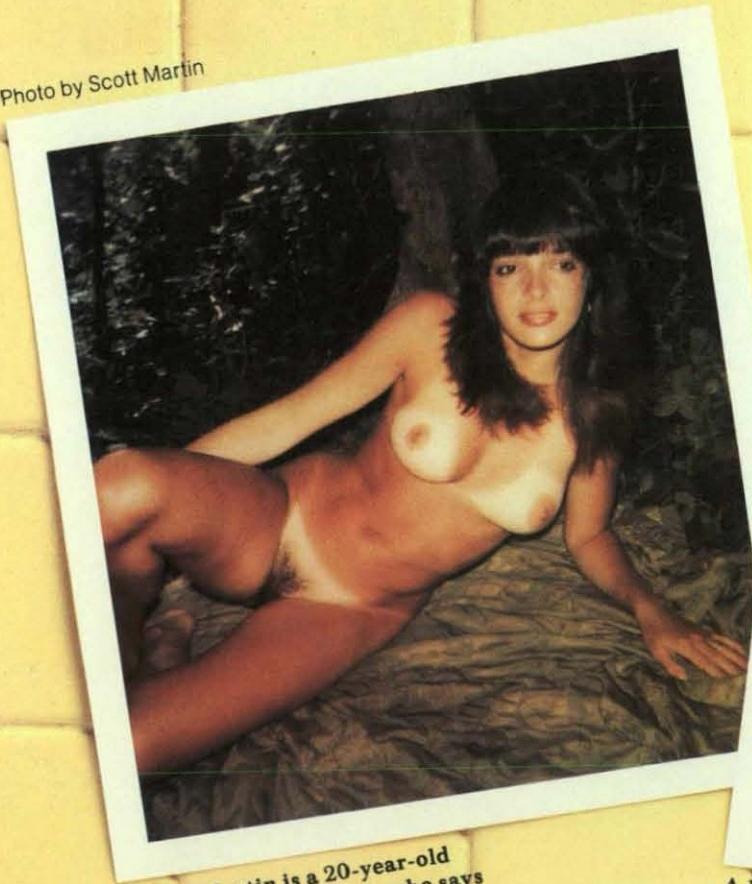


Now's an ideal time to write a list of all the things you want to accomplish during the new year. So why not make a resolution to snap a provocative shot of your favorite Beaver? HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always the chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs sub-

mitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Send your entry (preferably more than one photograph) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 112, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Scott Martin



Nancy Martin is a 20-year-old from Kaneohe, Hawaii, who says her hobbies are ice-skating and watching guys on the beach. Her fantasy is to someday appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature.

Photo by Dav



A Baltimore, Maryland, housewife, 21-year-old Michele likes rock 'n' roll music and the great outdoors. She dreams of being held in bondage while performing oral sex on a well-hung blond stud.

Photo by Joe Goodman

A housewife and mother from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 22-year-old Kimberly Brown likes needlepoint and ceramics. She has just realized her fantasy to appear in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.



Twenty-two-year-old Terry Pace of North Lauderdale, Florida, is a student who likes racquetball, tennis, fast cars and swimming. Her sexual fantasy is to make love with the lifeguards of her choice.

Photo by Dave

Photo by Jeff Brown



Ginny is a 25-year-old from Reno, Nevada, who says her hobbies are jujitsu and judo. She fantasizes about posing for a HUSTLER centerfold.



Photo by D. B.



Moby Dick is a sea lion who enjoys exposing himself in public. His fantasy is to make it with Flipper's sister on a waterbed.

Reading and bicycling are among the hobbies of 25-year-old Karrie, an Ontario, California, housewife and mother. Her sexual fantasy is to be "gang-banged while my husband watches."



Photo by Husband

Photo by Kim



Houston, Texas, is home for 19-year-old Raven, a model whose hobbies are sex, partying, writing and sunbathing. Her fantasy is to make love with two men at the same time.

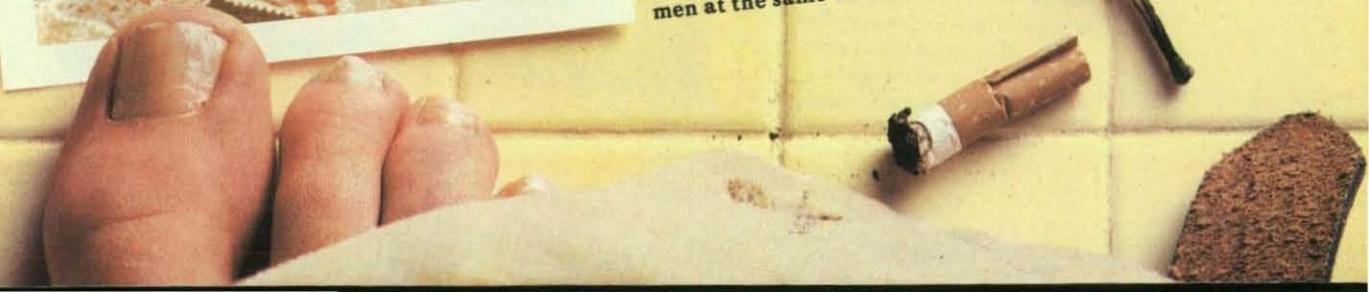


Photo by Chuck

Laura Sayre, 31, is a homemaker from Erie, Pennsylvania, whose hobbies are reading and pistol-shooting. She fantasizes about making love with her husband and his mistress at the same time.



Sunan W. is a 28-year-old from Farmington, New Mexico, who enjoys watching skin flicks. Her fantasy-come-true is appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Ray Sayre

Photo by James Beattie



A 25-year-old secretary from Miami, Florida, Louise Beattie lists her hobbies as growing plants and exercising. She says she's trying hard to fulfill all her husband's fantasies.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Marie Town



Robert Town, 37, is a Tacoma, Washington, furniture-assembler whose hobby is taking nude pictures. His fantasy is to "eat refried beans out of my old lady's crack."

Photo by Donald



Vivillon Garratt is a 27-year-old dancer and model from Las Vegas, Nevada, who loves to be wined and dined. Her fantasy is to make love underwater.



Sindi is a 26-year-old veterinary student from LaMesa, California, whose hobbies include horseback-riding and sailing. Her secret fantasy is to "dance nude onstage for an appreciative audience of men."



Photo by Barry

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry—preferably more than one photo—in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 107). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: Model Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

BEYOND FOREVER

(continued from page 106)

form the words, she laughed instead. Feeling his arm go around her waist, she said, "Mmmmm."

Keith looked at her, his eyes narrowed in mock-seriousness. "You are stoned."

She laced her arms around him. "Am not."

Keith began leading her toward their tent, and as they walked, she felt her feet sinking deliciously into the sand. It was almost as if she were in slow motion.

They climbed inside the tent, and in the darkness Joanna's mouth sought his, their lips melding together, complete in their bond yet loose enough so that they slid moistly back and forth and from side to side. Then she felt his smooth, soft hands on her breasts, felt his fingertips gently kneading them, caressing them, traveling in lazy circles about her already-erect nipples. Now she could taste Keith's probing tongue, and she responded, darting the moist tip of her own across his lower lip in a fashion she knew never failed to excite him.

Then, as if seeking verification of the excitement she was trying to create, her hand traveled down his leg until she grasped the firmness there and caused him to break their kiss so he could utter an involuntary moan. Her hands worked knowledgeably on him; soft, then firm; gentle, then rough. She explored him, pausing at each station of pleasure between his thighs, wondering at the sensations she could create in him with the skillful manipulations of her fingers.

She rolled over onto her back, feeling Keith's hands seeking her. Her head began to spin as his fingers laced through her vaginal hair, seeking the pleasure points on her body that cried out for attention. Joanna curled her lower lip into her mouth and bit gently into it as she felt Keith's fingers rubbing, massaging, flicking.

She quickened the pace of her own attentions and felt his arousal swell, felt his treatment of her respond in kind until his fingers twitched rapidly, until she could feel her hips beginning to roll languorously in response. Instinctively, her legs parted farther as her hands jerked wildly upon his erection. And then she felt Keith's fingers slip inside her. Joanna's head arched back in ecstasy as they thrust in, then out, then in, then out, her hips rising and falling in measured time.

"Please . . . please," she groaned, her joy a mixture of the sexual excitement and the promise of pleasure she knew was yet to come. "Now, Keith . . . now . . ."

Joanna felt Keith move on top of her, shifting his weight, positioning himself gently. She could feel his taut penis against the bottom of her thigh, then against her inner thigh. Lowering her hand to his erection, she guided him to her as she spread her legs wide in anticipation.

"Oh, Keith!" she exclaimed in a hushed gasp as he entered her. "Oh, shit, is that

good! Ohhh, is that good!" She raised her hips, trying to draw him deeper inside, matching his slow, full thrusts, his sure, complete withdrawals. Three, four, five times . . . ten times, a dozen times.

Then he withdrew and began a series of short, quick penetrations, raising her to heights of exquisite pleasure. He began thrusting deeply again, with slow, sure strokes. Joanna's hands raced up and down his flanks, her nails digging into his back, his legs, his buttocks.

With each thrust she felt his hands as they moved over her, caressing her smooth legs, her calves, her thighs, then lavishing attention on her rolling hips. Then his hands were at her breasts, his fingers pinching, releasing, teasing, twisting her aching nipples.

Again he began the short, rapid penetrations of the outer edge of Joanna's vagina, and her breath started to come in short, ragged gasps.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh . . . oh, Keith . . . oh . . ."

Joanna rocked with him, their bodies together, as one now. And she could begin to feel the sensation of impending fulfillment as if it possessed a power too great for her to bear.

"Oh, Keith . . . now, honey, now!"

He drove into her with hard, deep strokes, penetrating her to such a painful, yet rapture-filled, degree that Joanna felt as if she were in sweet danger of being split open. She wrapped her legs up around his hips, locking them there, bucking crazily with him, their bodies inseparable now.

Joanna could feel him coming hot and wet within her. Her whole body responded, shaking and quaking and galvanizing with the shock of climax. She felt the pulsation of sensual culmination as it raced through every part of her physical being to its final destination at the very core of her soul.

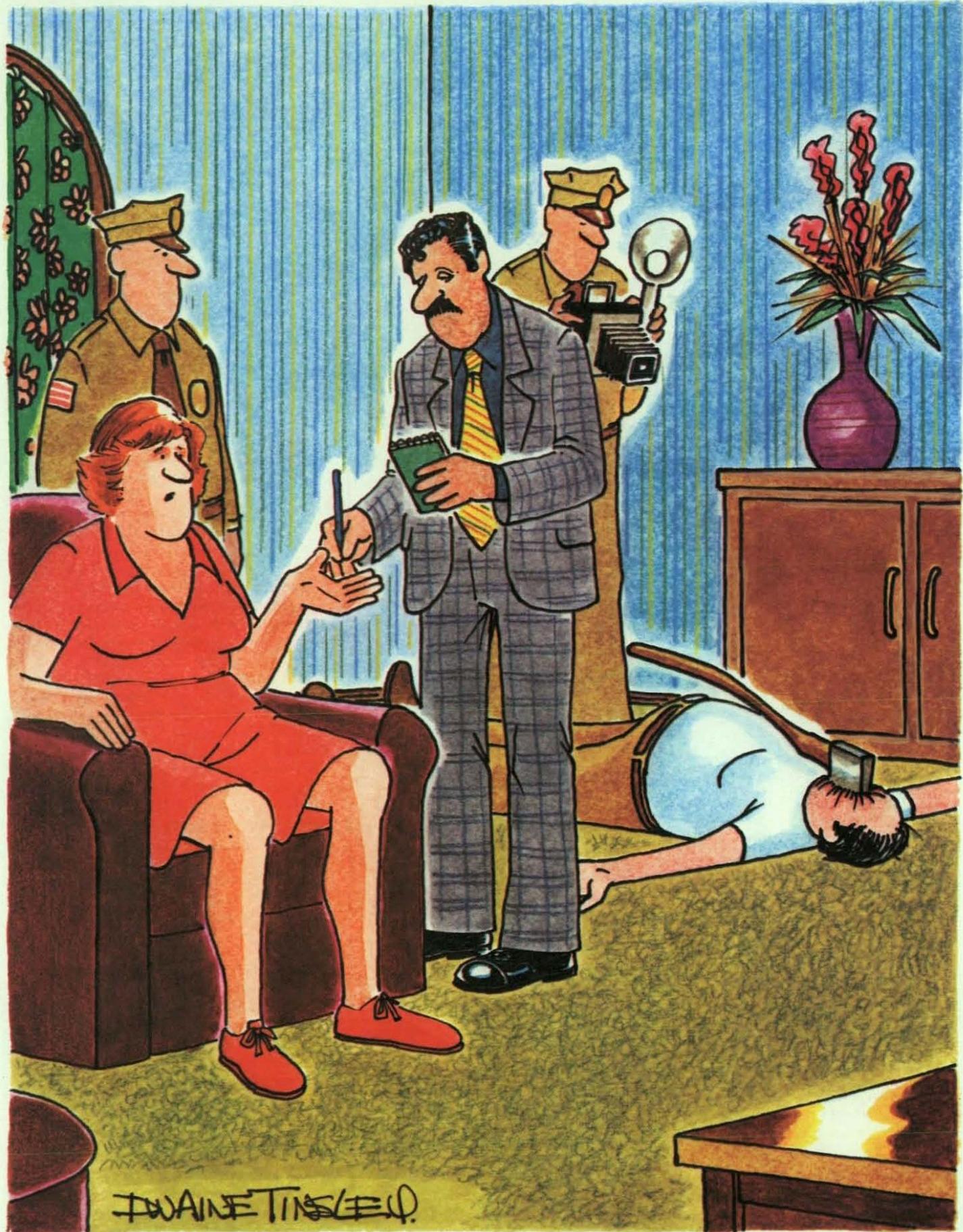
And she was fulfilled.

* * *
"White water!" shouted Dirk, the river guide, pointing to a bend just ahead.

Joanna turned and looked past the bow of the bobbing raft, beyond the other passengers. She couldn't see anything ahead, but the distant rumble of the rapids grew louder. She looked back at Dirk, who stood tall at the rear of the boat, his hand over his forehead, shielding his eyes from the blazing sun as he tried to inspect the falls that lay ahead.

Turning back toward the bow, Joanna positioned herself for the upcoming torrent. She still couldn't see anything, but the sound of water was thunderous now, as if they were in the path of an approaching storm.

She could feel her heart begin to beat harder, and she let herself go with the anticipation, letting it take her. She smiled at the sensation, wanting it, wanting the cold water, wanting the fury and the deluge, knowing that Keith would be there with her, by her, and that when it was over, they would rejoice, together, in having conquered it. Joanna was glad she was at this particular



"Well, lieutenant, our marriage hadn't been too smooth lately. Constant fighting and arguing—ya know, things like that. Finally he says, 'Edna, let's stop all this bickering and bury the hatchet.' So I says, 'Okay.' "

The Tormentor!

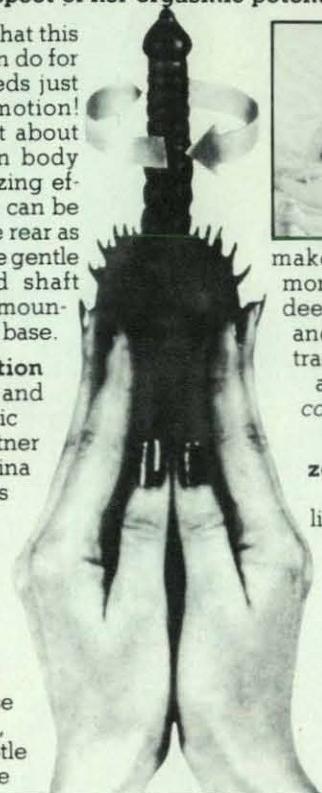
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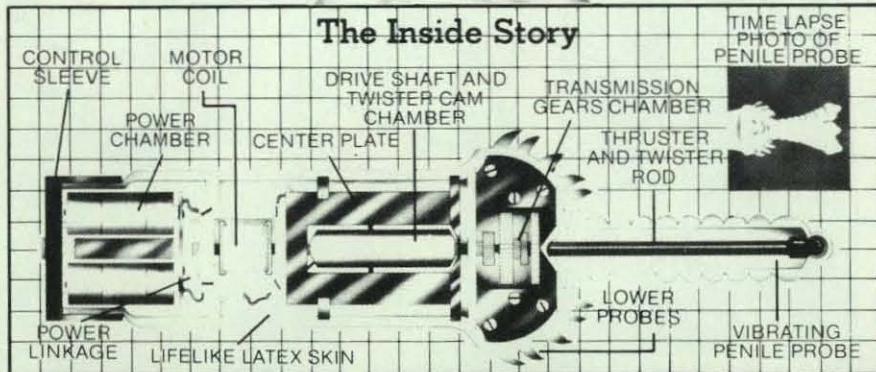
Diabolically designed to go in "sneaky" because of the precision-crafted, tapered "head", this subtle form of scientific torture



makes itself "felt" more and more as it thrusts deeper and deeper, spinning and shaking and probing as the long shaft traces wide arcs of exploration, slower or faster (you control the intensity!).

If there's an erogenous zone to be discovered, if there's someone in your life who needs or deserves to discover a new dimension in orgasmic potential and unlimited sexual release, why not send for the deliciously evil "Tormentor" today and make a slave of someone you know tomorrow!

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Dept. TR108

Name _____

Signature (I am over 18 years of age) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BankAmericard (Visa) Master Charge

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place, at this particular time, with this particular man.

Lava Falls. The sound of it was enough to send a chill through her. It was the most treacherous rapid on the Colorado, and it had been the topic of fireside discussion for two nights running. Dirk had said the normally hazardous rapids were made even more so because the river was low, and rocks not ordinarily exposed were now above water.

Joanna rose to her knees, the rapids becoming visible from their present vantage point. No one on board spoke. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. Unable to see the full sweep of the rapids, she was still able to watch the sprays that rocketed 15, 20 feet into the air.

All at once the feeling of expectancy gave way to the sensation of fear as *Lava Falls* greedily sucked the raft into its grasp. They were moving ahead at lightning speed, as if a powerful engine were propelling the 20-foot-long vessel. First there was a series of small, short bumps, each rising in intensity. Then there was a sudden, heavy thud, and the pontoons rocked upward. They splashed into the river, and water was everywhere, soaking Joanna's clothes, in her face, in her eyes—blinding her temporarily.

She could hear the screams of excitement from the other passengers, and she let out one of her own as they hit a sequence of five strong bucks. Each time the raft was hit with shattering explosions of water, the sound of the rapids roared in her ears.

Grasping the safety ropes until her knuckles whitened, Joanna jerked about like a rodeo star riding a bronco as the raft went out over the edge of a ten-foot drop. All 17 rafters gave a collective, harmonized shriek of terror as they dropped down into the bowels of *Lava Falls* and were entirely submerged in the deluge for a suspended moment that seemed to stretch into an eternity.

Joanna felt a sudden, powerful jolt as the pontoons tipped to a 45-degree angle. Then they were free of the water that had beaten down on them from above, and the raft—bucking, rocking—finally swept past the rapids.

A community cheer went up from the river-rafters, who had taken the worst the river could throw at them. Laughing, as much from excitement as from relief that they were on a smooth stretch again, Joanna turned to look at Keith.

But he wasn't there.

She let loose of the safety ropes, spinning fully around.

"Keith?! Keith?! KEITH!!!!"

Her eyes riveted on the empty spot on the pontoon where he had been sitting, riveted on the two loose ropes he had been grasping.

She looked wildly around the raft, her head jerking first in one direction, then the other, all the time her voice piercing the silence.

"KEITH, KEITH, KEITH!! WHERE ARE YOU?!"

(continued on page 129)

I've never had much money, and up until a few months ago I used to feel really uncomfortable around rich people. But then something happened that changed my mind about the upper classes. I learned that everybody—rich or poor—enjoys a good fuck.

Last fall I got a job as a busboy, carrying dishes and cleaning tables at a fancy French restaurant in Los Angeles. It wasn't a great job, but I needed the bucks. My real goal was to become an actor. Busing tables was merely a way to pay the rent until I could land a TV or film part.

Every day at work I'd see many extremely rich people come in to dine. Waiting hand and foot on these Beverly Hills snobs, with all of their fancy jewelry and designer outfits, got to me after a while. Feeling intimidated by being around so much wealth, I reacted by becoming very cold and formal. The only bright spot in my otherwise menial job was looking at all the beautiful women who came into the restaurant.

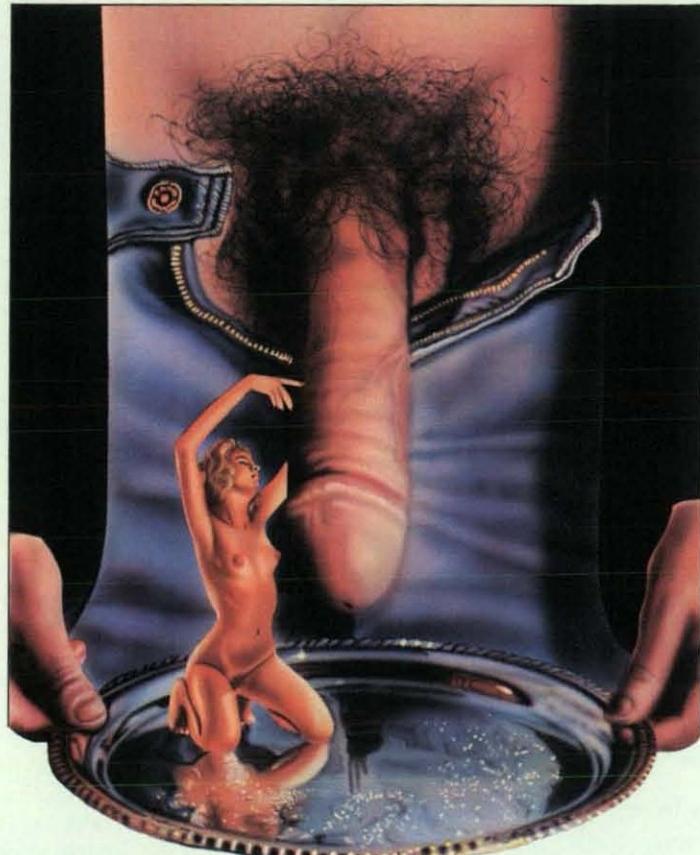
Although I saw my share of dynamite-looking chicks, there was one girl who really bowled me over. She came in late one night with a crowd of show-business types—maybe producers, directors or agents. Her face glowed like an angel's, and when she sat down, I overheard one of her friends call her Tiffany.

With her high cheekbones and long, straight, sandy-colored hair, Tiffany looked like a Vogue cover girl. Tall and slim, she wore stylish silk pants and a low-cut blouse that almost completely revealed her firm, ripe tits. I guessed her to be in her early 30s, and she was clearly at the peak of her sexual magnetism.

While pouring water for everyone at her table, I noticed that she was giving me the once-over. I said nothing and maintained my guarded, deadpan pose. When she had finished eating, she signaled me with her finger to come over.

My stomach began tying itself in knots as I approached this glamorous female. She pulled a cigarette out of her

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



THE SEXUAL SERVANT

by Michael Deane

purse, held it to her lips and said only two words: "Light it." I took a pack of matches from my jacket pocket and fumbled with them for a moment before lighting her smoke.

She took a drag and then looked up at me with a cold gaze. But I didn't back down. Instead, I raised an eyebrow and returned her icy stare. Then she sighed, "Bring me coffee," and like an obedient slave, I did so. Tiffany wasn't really busting my balls; she was just tugging on them a bit.

After coffee, Tiffany and her group started ordering drinks. They stayed until the restaurant closed at 2 a.m. Since I had finished my duties, I pre-

pared to leave. But just as I was taking off my jacket and tie, Tiffany walked over to me and, without saying a word, pressed a \$20 bill into my palm. Since the restaurant has a rule that busboys aren't supposed to take tips, I tried to return the money. But she held my hand tightly for a few seconds and then, to my astonishment, brushed it against her warm thigh. Then she quickly turned and walked out of the restaurant with all her friends.

Tiffany had aroused my curiosity, not to mention my cock, but I had mixed feelings about her tip. I didn't know whether she was throwing her cash around or just trying to make me feel inferior. Or maybe she was just plastered.

Looking forward to a good night's sleep, I began walking out to my car. Just then, a cherry-red Alfa Romeo convertible pulled alongside me. Behind the wheel was Tiffany. In her low, sexy voice she asked me if I wanted a lift. I accepted her offer, thinking that I'd be able to return the money she'd given me earlier and get a closer look at her great breasts.

When I hopped into the car, Tiffany introduced herself. I told her my name and thanked her for the ride. Then I tried to give her her money back, but she just let out a small laugh and asked me if I'd like to get "one more drink for the road." It

sounded like a good idea, and maybe a promise of something more. I readily agreed.

I knew that all the bars in L.A. were closed at that time of night and thought she'd probably take me to her place. I guessed correctly, because Tiffany sped down Sunset Strip and drove straight to her house, a sprawling, Spanish-style manor in the Hollywood Hills. I couldn't imagine her living there alone; so I asked her if she was married. She said she'd married an older man, but he had died and left her the mansion.

We walked through the front door, and Tiffany led me into the massive living room. I had just sat down on an

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I am 21 years of age or older.

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elegant white sofa when she asked me to go to the kitchen and get some champagne from the refrigerator. Quite calmly I said, "No, you get it. You know where it is." Tiffany seemed a little shocked, shrugged her shoulders a bit, smiled and then fetched the bottle. When she leaned over to put my drink down, I had a clear shot of her dangling, full tits and her tiny, erect nipples. Then, all of a sudden, she walked out of the room and went upstairs.

A few minutes later she returned, looking completely different. She had taken off her fashionable outfit and was dressed casually in a tight T-shirt and faded jeans. She seemed even more beautiful than before. Yet the most remarkable change was in her facial expression. That cold debutante look was gone and was replaced, instead, by a much softer glow.

Tiffany walked over to the couch and sat down next to me. We searched each other's eyes, communicating silently. I looked deep into her pupils, wondering why she was attracted to me. Was she a lonely woman? Did she just want a young stud for the night?

Feeling a strong surge of courage, I leaned over to kiss her. At first my lips pressed lightly against hers, and then she opened her mouth wide so that my tongue could slowly slither inside. She returned my kisses and even put my hand on her breast. After we kissed, I began taking off Tiffany's clothes. She gave me a hand in unzipping her jeans. I was still dressed when I picked her up from the sofa and laid her gently on the plush carpeting.

Climbing on top of her, I began making love to Tiffany by planting wet kisses on her neck and then working my way down to her succulent breasts. Her nipples were hard and pointed upward, and when my tongue swirled around them, she quivered with ecstasy.

I was so horny at this point that I dropped my pants and kneeled over her chest, pointing my cock directly in her face. "Now suck me off!" I barked, and Tiffany eagerly followed my command. She began teasingly running her tongue over the tip of my dick, but then she got into it and swallowed the entire shaft. As she sucked, she intentionally made loud gurgling noises that seemed like primitive grunts.

These submissive sounds excited me so much that I put my hand on the back of her head and pushed it down until my balls were rubbing against her chin. Only a few hours before, she had been giving me the orders; now this classy chick was doing my bidding.

I couldn't hold back any longer. A warm wave of electricity shot up my

spine, and my entire body began shuddering. Then I came inside Tiffany's mouth, shooting sticky globs of jism all over her throat. I could sense that she wanted to pull away from my cock and spit out the cum, but I held on to her head and wouldn't let go until I was sure she had gulped it all down. After my dick popped out from her lips, I opened her mouth with my fingers and saw a string of white cum on her tongue. I took a bit of the gooey sperm and then rubbed it onto her gums.

What a blowjob! I had to lie down on the floor for a while to catch my breath. In a few minutes I got up and told Tiffany to take me to the master bedroom. There we both jumped onto her large, canopied bed. I told Tiffany to take off the rest of my clothes, and she did so. Pulling down my shorts, she started fondling my cock, getting it hard again. Quickly, I was as stiff as a board. I turned over so that I was positioned on top of Tiffany, missionary-style.

She wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me close. My cock was only inches away from her cunt. "Now fuck me hard!!" I yelled as I plunged into her tight hole. At the same time she threw her head back and shoved her cunt toward me so that we were grinding against each other. As I thrust my cock in and out of her hot cunt, Tiffany began to contract her vaginal muscles in a way I'd never felt before. Her box was alternately grasping and releasing my cock, and it seemed as if my dick were being massaged with a wet sponge. With each thrust of my cock, she'd take a deep breath. Then her body spasmed with orgasm, and her legs wrapped themselves even more snugly around my waist.

After Tiffany came, I withdrew my dripping dong from her opening and pressed it on her swollen clit. Then, ever so lightly, I took my cock head and rubbed it around her moist cunt lips. She began pleading, almost begging, for me to fuck her again. But I continued tormenting her by barely touching her clit with my dick. Finally, I clenched her hips in my hands and pulled her closer, completely filling her with my manhood. Then, letting out a loud wail, I shot off a great load of spunk into her steamy cunt.

For a few minutes both of us were too wiped out to say anything. I struggled to reach my shirt, pulled out a cigarette and remarked appropriately: "Light it!"

That all happened months ago. I never saw Tiffany again after that one time—I guess I was just a one-night stand—but I didn't mind. Even if it was only for an evening, at least I got a taste of the higher-priced spread. ☺

Honey

Tis the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature is stirring ...

CHRISTMAS
TOO
COMMERCIAL...

... TOO MANY CROWDS...

... PEOPLE
TOO
NOISY...

... PEOPLE
TOO
NOISY!

... Except Honey ~ and she's stirring up images in a strange dream about a faraway place in a faraway time

I SAW!
I CONQUERED!

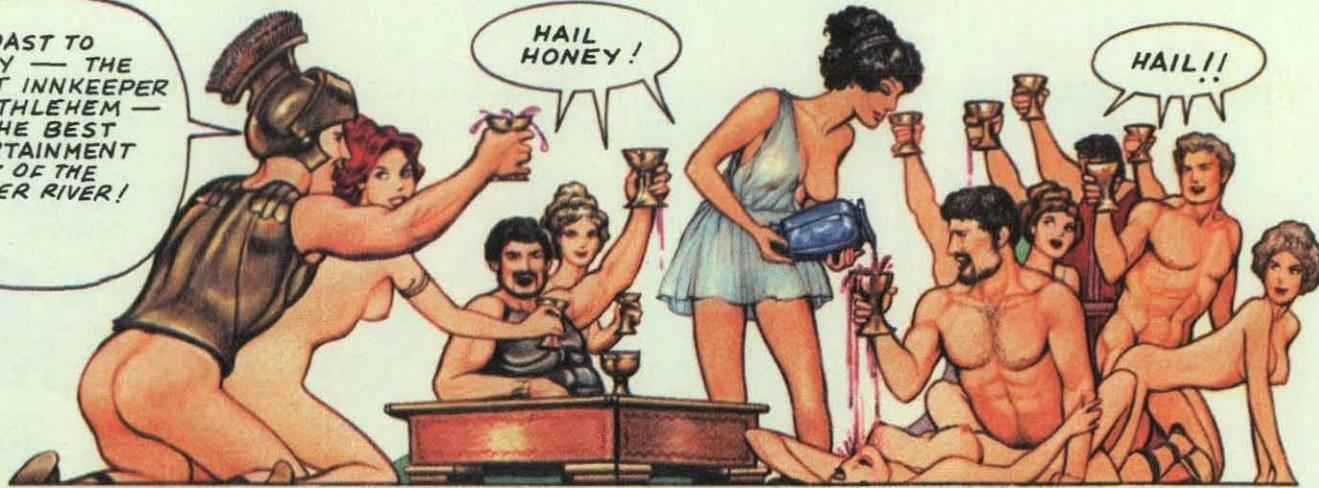
CLANK!



A TOAST TO
HONEY — THE
FINEST INNKEEPER
IN BETHLEHEM —
WITH THE BEST
ENTERTAINMENT
EAST OF THE
TIBER RIVER!

HAIL
HONEY!

HAIL!!



In another room of the inn, Ilsa has some galley slaves STROKING to her BEAT...

FASTER, SLAVES!

BABA-LOOOO!
♪

CRACK!

BOOM!
BOOM!

THIS GERMANIAN SHE-DEVIL IS GOING TO MAKE US BREAK OUR SPEARS!

Back at the orgy, Poon Tando reminds Honey that there's more company coming!

DON'T FORGET THE TRIBE OF JEWISH SHEPHERDS! THEY'LL BE HERE AT MIDNIGHT!

THE ROMANS ARE SO DRUNK, THEY WON'T EVEN MIND HAVING THE JEWS AROUND!



DID SOMEBODY SAY JEWS?

OOPS!

GLUG!
EKK!
PHOO!



Outside, there is news from a Judean herald that important visitors have arrived...

PISS ON ME, WILL YOU!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I SWEAR!

HO, INNKEEPER! YOU HAVE THREE KINGS AT YOUR DOOR!

Bethlehem Inn

WELCOME WISE MEN

The door is opened, and...

HAIL, SOLDIERS OF CAESAR! KNOW YE THAT THESE THREE WISE MEN ARE KINGS ON A MISSION FROM HEROD, KING OF JUDEA, APPOINTED BY CAESAR HIMSELF — AND THEY SHOULD BE TREATED ROYALLY!

I GOT THE FRANKINCENSE.

I GOT THE MYRRH!

AND I GOT THE GIRLS!

YUK, YUK!

WHA-?

The wise men decide to BESTOW THEIR GIFTS UNTO the girls!...

WANNA DO A COUPLE LINES OF FRANKINCENSE?

THIS IS THE KIND OF PIE IN THE FACE I DON'T MIND!

WOO, WOO, WOO!

A little later the tribe of Jewish shepherds arrives ~ ready to PARTY! . . .

WE'RE THE LOST TRIBE! IS THIS BROOKLYN?

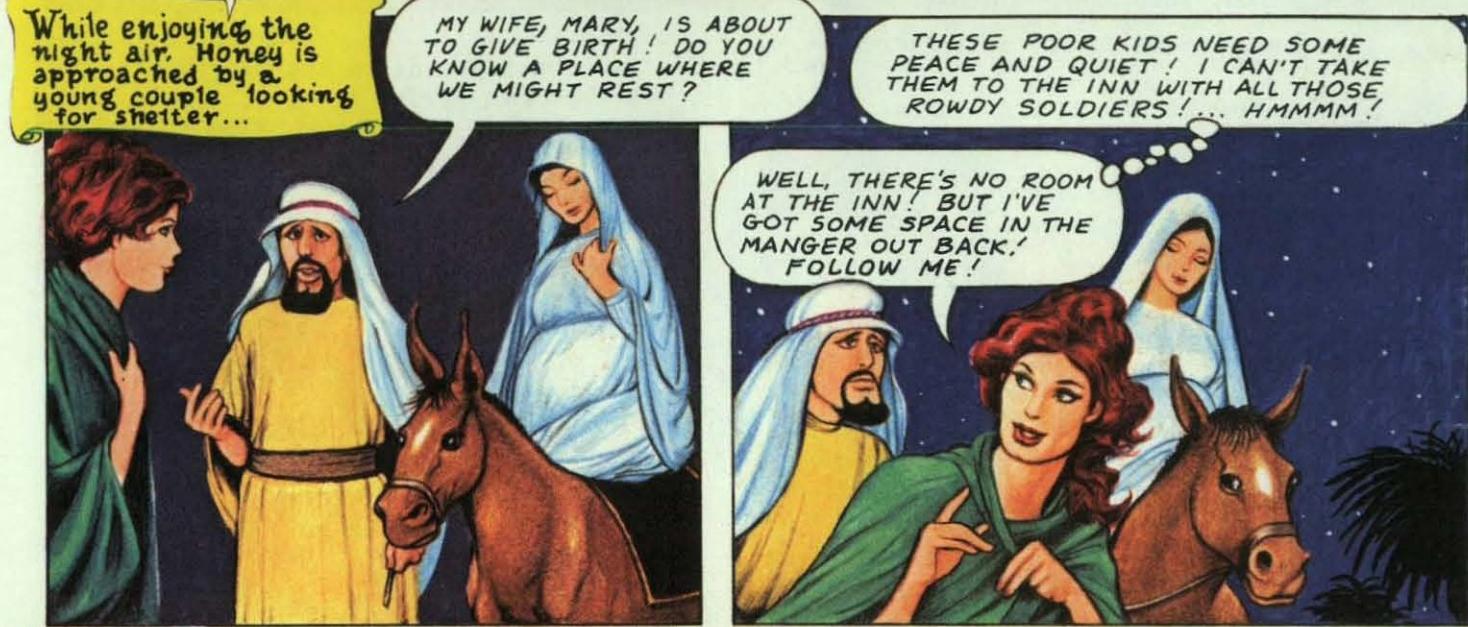
SORRY WE'RE LATE! WE HAD TO GET DIRECTIONS FROM SOME GUY WITH WINGS!

LOOK AT THIS MATERIAL! 100% WOOL! SUCH A DEAL!

The tribe joins the merriment!

THIS SURE BEATS SHEEP - EH, SOL?

YOU COULD GO "BAAAA" A FEW TIMES - HMM?



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

CUSTOM SMUT

Lights! Camera! Action! You write the script and produce your own porn movie! At least that's the claim of *Personal Services Club* (4725 Lincoln Boulevard #14, Marina del Rey, California 90291), which offers photos, slides, 8mm loops and videotapes made to your own specifications. You can choose your own camera angles, storyline, props (dildos, lingerie, leather, etc.) and even actresses (*PS* offers several choices, including Desiree Cousteau, Candy Samples and Uschi Digard).

Once you've sent your instructions and paid for your production, *PS* will make your smut to order. It will put your name on the credits (as producer or whatever) of the films and tapes, have the actress call you by name in sound movies, and send you the original film or videotape—not a duplication.

According to *PS* President Bill Wilson, "We promptly confirm by mail when we've received an order and get to work as soon as possible." In other words, you may not get your merchandise right away, because *PS* must shoot whenever your actress is available, and it must process the film or videotape and do whatever post-production work is necessary. Wilson says the average order takes at least one to two months to reach the customer.

He flatly states his company won't do anything with kids, animals or shit. He avoids male homosexuality and stops short of hard-core. "But," Wilson says, "I'll shoot hot simulation where appropriate. Anyway, my

biggest market isn't conventional stuff. This concept is ideal for the guy with personal tastes—fetishes."

Costs vary, depending on what you order, but the bare minimum for 8mm film is \$95 for 6½ minutes. Videotapes cost \$160 for the first 15 minutes. Naturally, you pay more for props, extra footage, more than one actress or actor, and "name" porn stars.

Personal Services Club will send an order form and information brochure at your request if you call 213-306-3358.

HONEYBEE STING

In past columns you have exposed membership clubs like the *Glo-Worm Society* (various Florida addresses in Goldenrod and Orlando) as rip-offs. Last week I got an offer to join the *Honeybee Society* (P.O. Box 3830, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017). *Honeybee* offers the "Honeybee Directory," listing names of willing women, as well as four special films, if you pay \$20 for a year's membership. Is this outfit on the up and up?

—L. B. N.
Orem, Utah

Put the *Honeybee Society* on your list of mail-order assholes. For your \$20 membership fee you get a "directory" that lists six New York swingers clubs and five classified ads, four snippets of film—each containing four soft-core frames—and four miniature "magazines" that look like somebody's idea of a joke. So far, every "society" and "mail club" that has been brought to our attention is a rip-off, and we suggest that you approach these outfits with the utmost caution and suspicion.

TEXAS FAMILY

I recently responded to an advertisement placed by *Mrs. I. Reinholdt* (900 Preston Avenue #1, Houston, Texas 77002) that promised home movies and photographs. The ad stated, "Send no money, just a self-addressed stamped envelope." So I did.

Soon after, "Ingrid Reinholdt and Family" sent me a couple of order forms that looked suspicious. Ingrid, who claims she's new in this country, says she's got contacts in Scandinavia, and she offers all sorts of films, magazines and personal addresses of people in her family. What information do you have on this outfit?

—J. H.
Ringgold, Louisiana

Mrs. Reinholdt seems to head the most obnoxious Lone Star family since the brood in *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. She advertises her films at steep prices—up to \$120—and delivers soft-core shit. Her ads also list a \$5 magazine called *Amsterdam Lolita* (sic), but because the women are in tame nude poses, it's not worth sending for. As for her list of "personal addresses," that's just a come-on to sucker you into buying her photos and letters. We advise you to steer clear of *Mrs. Reinholdt*.

BLACK LEATHER

For the past few months *HUSTLER* has been running subscription ads for your sister publication, *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION*. The ads have a sexy model wearing a black-leather outfit. Where can I buy something like that? —D. D.

St. Louis, Missouri

You can order a 225-page mail-order catalog (\$5 bulk mail, \$6 first class) from *The Pleasure Chest* (20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011), which specializes in all types of leather accessories except footwear. For ladies' hip boots, contact *Centurian Publishing Company* (P.O. Box AE, Westminster, California 92683) and ask for an order form. You might also be interested in *Centurian's* magazine, *High Heeled Boots*, which sells for \$3.50 plus 75¢ for postage.

VIA DUCK

I almost ordered some films from *Via Film Products* (P.O. Box 35615, Los Angeles, California 90035) because it offered four color movies and a projector for only \$40. I even wrote out the check and put it into an envelope. But then I remembered one of your columns warning against porn-film bargains. I slipped the envelope into a desk drawer—where it'll stay until I hear from you. Did I do the right thing? —A. A.

Redford, Michigan

You sure did. The hand-crank projector *Via Film* sends you is a cheap piece of plastic. The films are two 50-foot spools of soft-core crap that have little to do with what's promised. *Via Films* is another front for *Mailers Service* (6255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028), a firm that specializes in junk. The price was the tip-off for A. A., but others got stung. Complain to the company by calling 213-651-3413 or 213-462-7106.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

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MOVIE
PROJECTOR**

OR
40%
MOVIE
DISCOUNT!

200 ft. SPECIAL
OFFER!



WITH
200 FT. FILM PACKAGE

Select any four movies for only \$5.95 each, or \$9.95 color and receive this beautiful table model projector..... **ABSOLUTELY FREE**

OR... In Place Of The Movie Projector

**YOU MAY
TAKE A 40% DISCOUNT**

Red Hot

HARDCORE STAG FILMS

B&W - \$5.95 / COLOR - \$9.95
With FREE Projector

FILM ONLY PRICE
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Select From These Outrageous Orgy Films!



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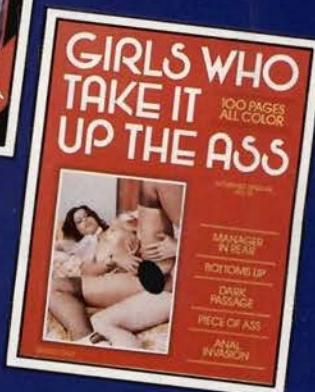
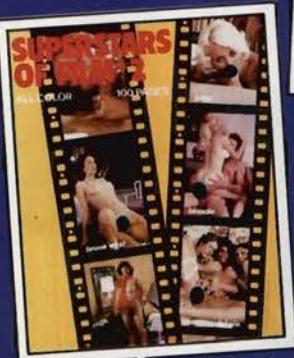
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BEYOND FOREVER

(continued from page 114)

Dirk had scrambled over the canvas tarp that separated the rear of the craft from the forward passenger section. He pushed his way through the passengers.

"Joanna, Joanna!" he called. "What is it?"

"KEITH!" she screamed, her eyes wide with the full realization of what had happened. "He's gone! HE'S GONE!"

Dirk's eyes locked on the vacant area where Keith had been sitting. Other rafters backed away from it, as if it were contaminated. "Oh, Lord," he gasped, looking at the two loose ropes.

For a moment no one said anything. But then the silence was broken, and the air was filled with the endless shrieking of Joanna's echoing voice as it bounced pitifully back and forth off the walls of the Grand Canyon.

* * *

It was late in the evening when the last of Joanna's friends left. She looked out the window of her brownstone building, watching the last car pull away from the curb. She'd made condolence calls on several of her friends during the years when a parent had died or a brother had been killed in Vietnam. She had always thought of those visitations as a sort of Novocaine—something that just postponed the inevitable pain.

But grief would not be denied for long. Standing in the foyer of her elegantly restored home, Joanna felt the pain again. She had felt it during the flight back to Chicago, knowing that Keith's body was in the cargo hold. She had felt it at the funeral too. But now it was very real, and the fact that she had only loneliness waiting for her upstairs in her bedroom made that pain nearly unbearable.

Feeling as if she were part of a dream, she turned from the window and crossed the living room and the dining room and stepped into the kitchen. A large cooking island took up the center of the room. Gleaming countertops where she had prepared meals for two stared tauntingly at her. Suddenly she became conscious of Moira, her tabby cat, rubbing against her ankles. Joanna opened a tin of Nine Lives and scooped it into the cat's bowl, grateful for the mechanical activity to take her mind off her husband's death.

She pushed through the swinging doors and walked from the kitchen. Shutting off the lights on the first floor, the silence heavy and beating in on her, she started climbing the stairs, holding the railing.

Halfway up she stopped and fell to her knees, tears bursting forth uncontrollably. She lowered her head to the carpeted step, her face wet, the sobs rising and falling in her chest.

She tried to control her grief, but it was no

good, and she gave in, letting it ride itself out. When Joanna finally stopped crying, she wiped at her cheeks with the backs of her hands. Suddenly, she felt nauseous. She could feel her head spinning.

Now she was on her feet, walking up the stairs, running up the stairs, feeling gurgles deep in her stomach. Up, up to the top of the landing. Left, running down the hall, into the bedroom. The bathroom, the bathroom!

White. The tiles, the walls, the sink.

She grabbed hold of the faucets for support, great rivers of vomit spouting forth, spewing into the basin, onto her hands, the floor. Foul taste. In her mouth, her nose. Her eyes welling with tears of pain from the vomit and the loss of her husband, and then she began crying...crying for herself.

"KEITH!!!!" she screamed.

And again she retched. This time, mostly just spittle dripped down over her chin, mixing with tears. Her body heaved and shook with grief.

"Keith," she said softly.

She panted, gasping for breath, for strength; her words weak. "I need you. Can't...can't go on like this. I need you..."

She spit once...twice...again. Turned on the cold water. Splashed it on her face. Cupped her hands, filled them and brought the water to her mouth. Swished and spit. Cupped her hands again. Brought them to her mouth and swallowed.

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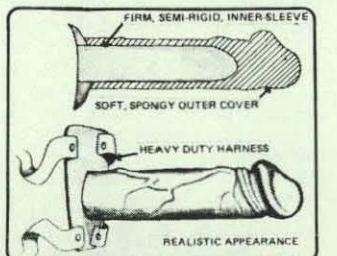
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She stood more erect and looked at her reflection in the mirror. "I don't want to live," she murmured, anger rising in her voice. "What does it mean without you? It's nothing. The whole damned thing is nothing. I don't... don't want to live...."

Her voice was coming in gasps as she approached the fringe of hysteria.

"Don't... can't...."

She began trying to draw deep breaths. The harder she tried, the more out of breath she became.

"Keith... Kei... Don't want to...."

Joanna clenched and unclenched her hands desperately. She opened the medicine chest, her fingers pawing the pill bottles, jars spilling out, cracking on the marble sink.

Her hands ran over the bottles, knocking them about and onto the tile floor, her eyes blinking open and shut in time with her gasps. Her fingers locked on the drawer handles. She pulled the drawers open one by one and looked inside. Hair spray, curlers, combs, mascara, scissors.

Scissors!

As her panting subsided, her eyes focused on the brushed metal of the barber's shears that stared up at her. She reached for them, sure of herself, her hand steady, closing on the fingerholes.

Curiously warm to the touch. Not cold steel, but a warm friend. A solution. A tapered, sharp, quick solution.

She pulled out the scissors, the blades glinting as they caught the overhead light. One motion, she thought. Just one quick motion.

I can do it. I can't not do it. Can't go on like this. Without you. Have to be with you, Keith. Have to come to you. Quick.

Closer. She brought the blade closer, over her wrist. She looked at the yellow, blue and red capsules on the floor, but she couldn't focus on them. She kept her eyes on the shears, locked on them until it was almost unbearable, until she couldn't watch any longer. And then she closed her eyes.

Closer.

Soon. Quick.

The blade felt warm on her wrist.

One motion. Quick.

The blade began to shake, and she was suddenly gripped by cold.

Don't be afraid. Do it, Joanna. Do it now.

Her hand was shaking, but the blade was still heavy against her wrist. She pressed harder.

Pain!

Something made her open her eyes, and she saw red... the crimson flow of lifeblood as it oozed out from the gash. And then she saw the hand holding the scissors whipping away, the instrument flying across the room to crash against the wall and clatter on the floor. Joanna looked at her wrist, saw the blood dripping from it, making star-shaped dots on the white floor below.

"Shit," she muttered, reaching for the washcloth, pressing it over the wound, holding it there as she leaned on the edge of the sink.



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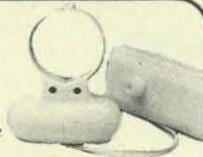
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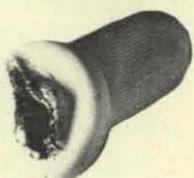
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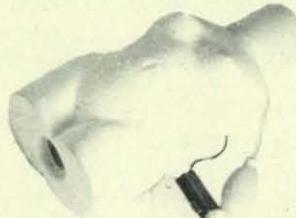
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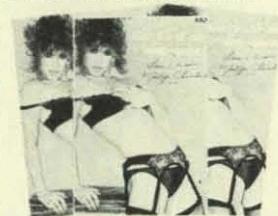
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Joanna looked up and again caught her reflection in the mirror. A single tear rolled down her cheek. "This is crazy."

Time dragged with an agonizing sluggishness. Days somehow turned to weeks, and the weeks grudgingly gave way to months. Thoughts of Keith and the life they had together filled Joanna's waking hours and tormented her sleep.

At ten o'clock on a cold October evening Joanna was sleeping heavily. The two Dalmanes she had taken had hit her like a lead pipe. Sounds and images swirled and took shape in her mind. That was strange, because sleeping pills usually stopped her from dreaming. They had kept her going during the first weeks after Keith was gone, after the funeral. Pop them, close your eyes and wake up eight hours later.

No dreams. No problems.

But even with the pills, she was dreaming now.

She was with Keith.

No Colorado River this time.

She was in bed, in their own bed.

The bed I'm in right now.

She felt the dream mix with reality, but then she stopped worrying about it and, instead, let herself get lost in his kiss. She let his mouth work against hers in the dream, and she tried not to think... tried only to feel. And she could feel. She could feel his hands moving across her body, exploring. She could feel herself responding. She could hear the moan rising in her throat. Could feel the moan... could really feel it....

And then she realized that she wasn't sleeping any longer. She had risen to consciousness, and the moan was still there, and the feeling was still there, the sensation of his hands exploring her.

She lay on the bed, in her empty bedroom, in her empty brownstone, letting the feeling linger for a moment. Then she realized that she had to separate the dream from reality, had to separate the bed with Keith in it from the empty bed she occupied now.

But it would not separate.

The feeling was still there.

Joanna opened her eyes.

She felt heavy.

So heavy.

Then she felt it.

She was certain that she was awake, and she was certain that she felt it. In the darkness where there was nothing, something was there... something was touching her. It was on her stomach... moving in small, tight circles. She felt cold; then suddenly she felt even colder. It pressed harder, the feeling quite distinct. She was, at the same time, attracted and repulsed by it.

It feels so good... God help me, it feels so good....

It was a soft pressure, touching her at each of her shoulders. She began to shiver in spite of the blanket and in spite of the warmth pulsing between her thighs.

Cold and hot... cold and hot at the same time. Don't stop. Stop... don't stop....

There was a frosted rush of air in the room, and it swept over her body. Joanna convulsed, trembling until the blast was over.

I'm going to be sick.

But she didn't. The feeling passed quickly, replaced by the movement on her body again. It was on her shoulders, pressing there, pausing there just for a moment before it began to travel slowly downward, toward her breasts.

"Oh, please, no," she choked, petrified in the grasp of unspeakable horror. She tried to fight it, tried to sit up, tried to rise, but it was as if her body had been welded to the bed, and she could do nothing but murmur, "Oh... oh... oh, someone help me...."

It was at her bosom, making looping circles, making cold tracks as it moved. Faster it moved, tracing the swell of both breasts. And then it was squeezing, kneading, caressing them.

It stopped circling and went to the nipples, tugging on them, twisting them gently, and Joanna felt her jaw go slack, felt her mouth fall open, felt her throat moan in ecstasy as the invisible horror aroused them to erection.

She felt herself begin to grow damp and moist between her legs, and she felt tears of shame as they washed down over her cheeks, as her legs began to slowly part.

And then she fought; fought against its grip, fought against her own arousal, the words painfully choking in her throat.

"Leave me alone," she whimpered. "Please, leave me alone."

She pushed against it, pushed to sit up in the bed, her body soaking, and finally she broke free and screamed, "Leave me alone!"

Suddenly it was gone. She was sure of it. As she lay there in bed, she was conscious only of the musky smell of the cologne Keith used to wear.

She wasn't cold any longer. She blinked. Blinked again.

While one part of her mind told her that it was over, another part told her not to move, not to speak, not to do anything at all. She knew that if she did, she would have to think about what had happened, try to understand it. And that was something she didn't ever want to have to do.

But then the memory of their tragic vacation flashed into her mind all at once—the walls of the majestic Grand Canyon looming above them, the raging Colorado River just feet away, Keith holding her in his arms and swearing that he'd never let anything separate them... never....

Joanna felt her stomach constrict into a tight knot of fear, and she knew for certain that the presence she had felt must have been Keith. "Beyond forever," he had said on the riverbank. He had sworn it to her. Now he was going to make good on that promise.

She lay there for a long time, watching the moonlight filtering through the blinds until the darkness turned to light as the first shaft of dawn broke through the window.

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GUN CONTROL

(continued from page 56)

got government-issued machine guns in their homes. These guns are meant for one purpose only—to kill people. Yet there's no atmosphere of violence in Switzerland.

Skeptics would probably say, "So what? They don't carry them on the streets." But statistically, most people are killed indoors—not in the street. To cite another example, Israelis carry submachine guns everywhere, and they have a *lower* homicide rate than we do. So I would reject the argument that handguns create a violent atmosphere.

FIELDS: I disagree. If you have a gun, there's going to be a greater temptation to use it. It's like the difference between driving a Corvette and a Volkswagen. My insurance company knows it's still me driving, but I'll be charged a higher rate with the Corvette because the temptation will be there to drive faster.

The bottom line is that if you let people carry handguns around, they're going to respond to problems in a special way. A study once done of inmates in Florida jails showed that only 12% to 15% of those guys had gotten their guns for specific criminal purposes. The rest had armed themselves just to be macho. But by an almost two-to-one margin, what happened to them was that in a confrontation situation, instead of punching somebody out, they opened up with their handguns.

If you're going to say that the causes of gun-related violence go beyond simply owning a gun, fine—I agree. But if this country is an insane asylum with the highest handgun homicide rate in the world, I think the first thing you want to do is separate the nuts from their handguns.

HUSTLER: Mr. Caplan and Mr. Kates have pointed out that the recalling of guns is virtually impossible. Do you feel differently?

FIELDS: Yes, and we must take whatever means necessary to meet the overwhelming demands of the American public. Black people want handgun control, every single civil-rights group and every feminist group want it, and the majority of Americans want it. The issue boils down to one critical point: The people who are against handgun control are screaming that they need such a weapon for self-defense, and that there's no difference between a knife and a gun, or a handgun and a rifle. But that's not true. Handguns are *offensive* weapons; they are the instruments criminals choose nine out of ten times. So one of our best self-defenses is to get as many handguns out of circulation as soon as possible.

KATES: And I say that study after study has shown that even if the average gun-owner complied with a ban, the one handgun-owner out of 3,000 who murders is not going to give up his gun. We must realize that violence can be radically reduced only through long-term fundamental change in the institutions and habits that produce so many violent people in our society.

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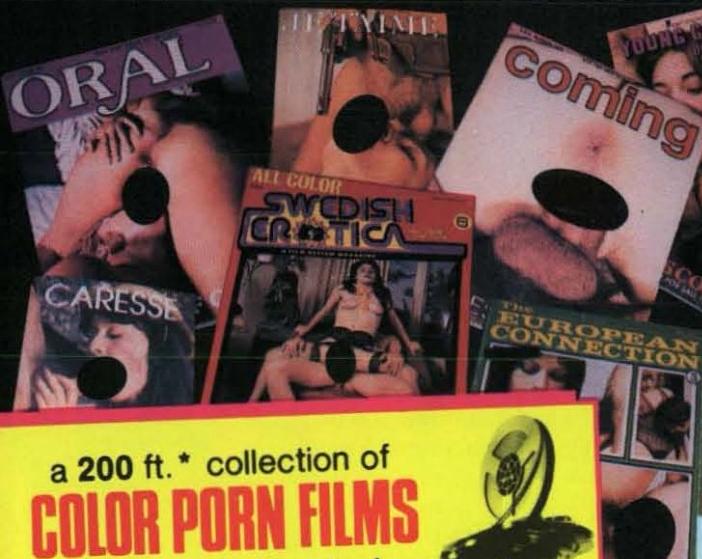
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WILLIAM GAINES—The creator and publisher of *Mad* magazine, William Gaines made Alfred E. Neuman's gap-toothed grin one of the most recognized symbols in America. And this 285-pound madcap satirist is as crazy as the

"What Me Worry" boy himself. An outspoken, eccentric slob, Gaines is also a world traveler, gourmet and wine connoisseur. He's a self-described male chauvinist who once said, "A woman to me is someone to love, to cherish, to protect and to do what she's told." Profile by Frank Jacobs.

THE EYES OF A KILLER—World War II England provides the explosive backdrop for a tale of passion between a gritty Yank pilot and a young British virgin. In their fight for survival, their destinies are unexpectedly entwined. Fiction by Leigh Vance.

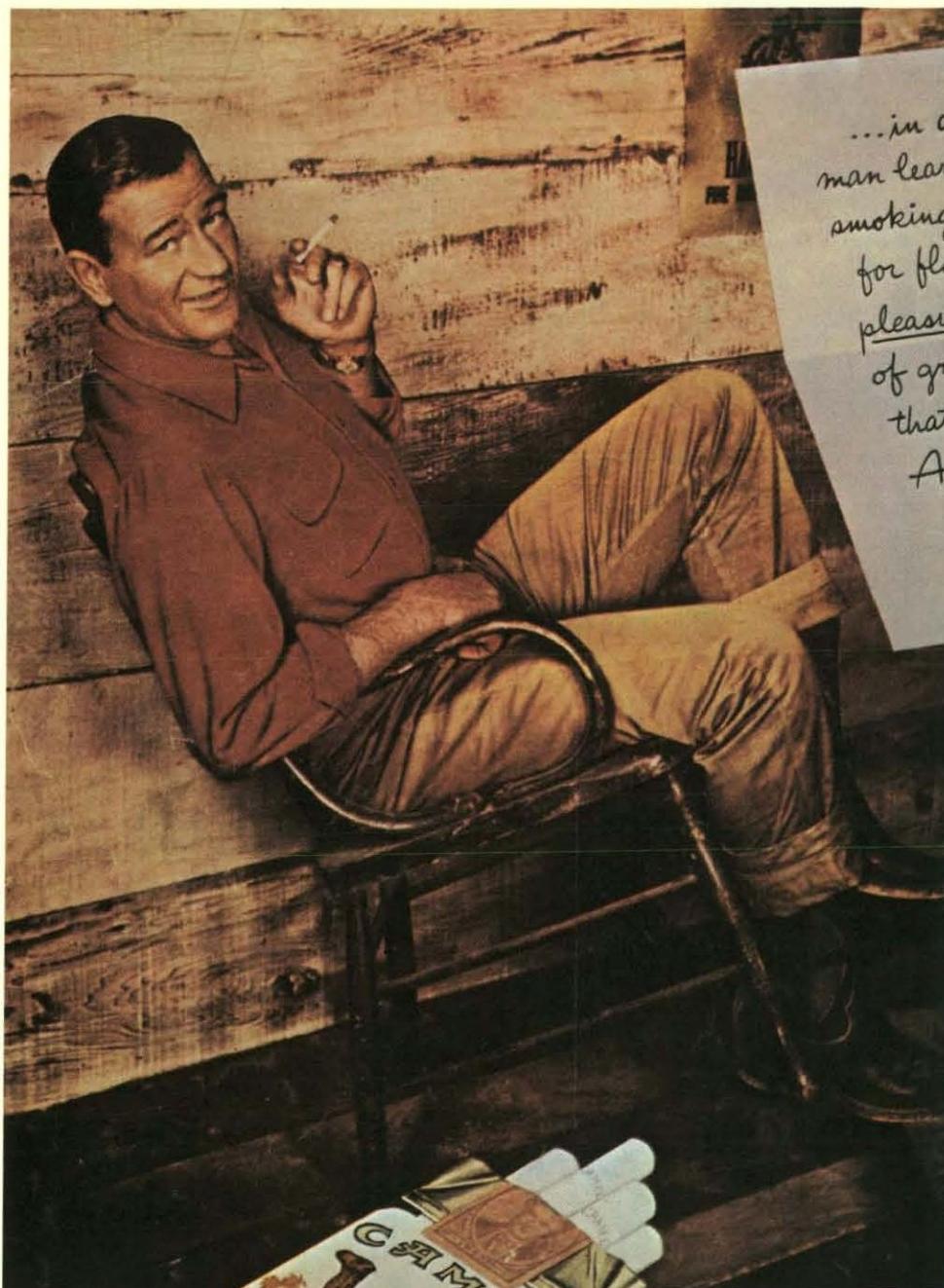
JAIME LYN BAUER NUDE!—It's no coincidence that daytime soap operas started getting sexy when this beautiful actress began appearing in *The Young and the Restless*. Now another **HUSTLER** celebrity exclusive shows you more of Jaime Lyn Bauer than you'll ever see on television.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll know the South's most precious resource is beautiful women when you see next month's centerfold, **DIXIE: DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS**. And when a gorgeous girl drifts off to sleep, her **DREAM LOVER** arrives with some kinky surprises. **TIPI & DAWN: COMING TOGETHER** features two of our hottest **HUSTLER** Honeyes pairing off, and **CANDY: SWEET VALENTINE** is the happy Valentine you always wished for.

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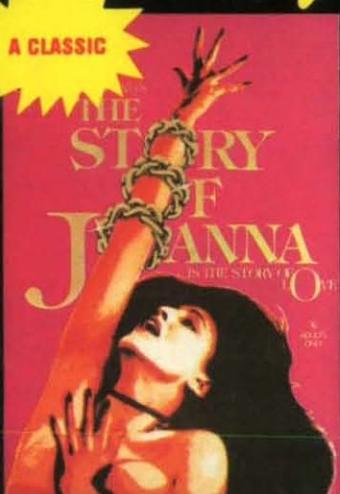
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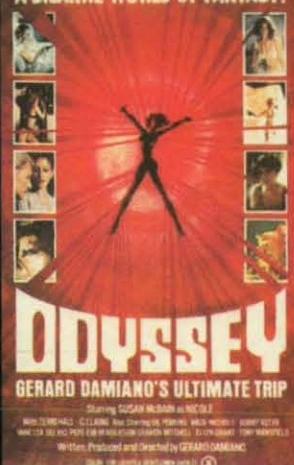
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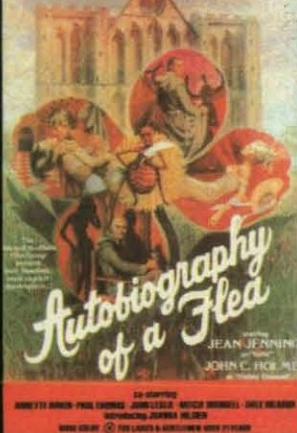
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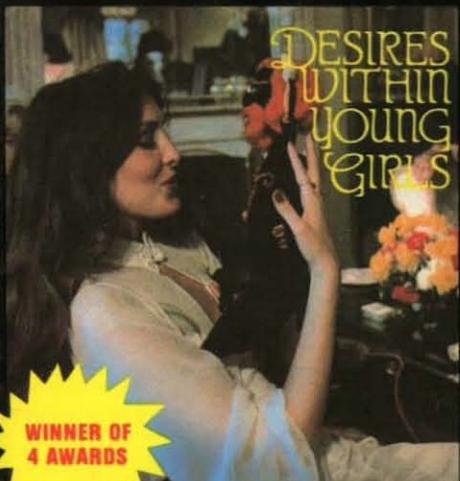
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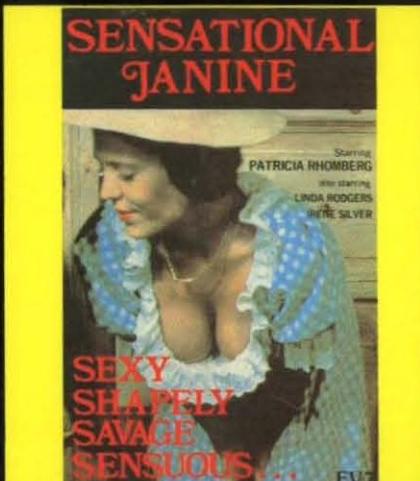
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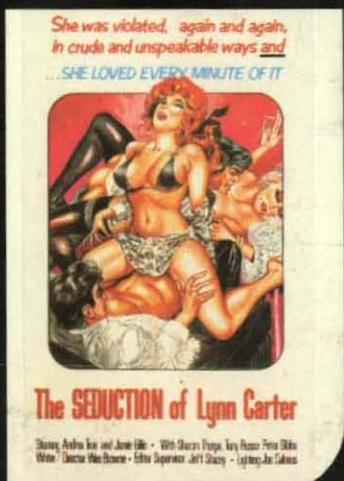
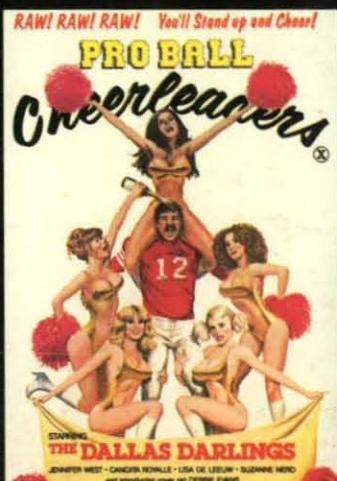
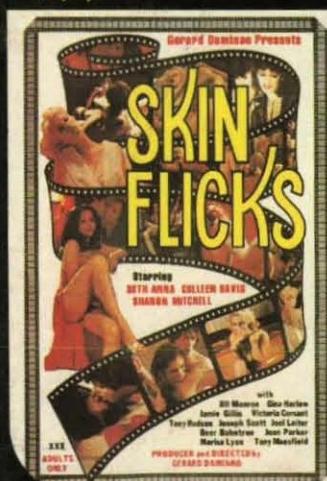
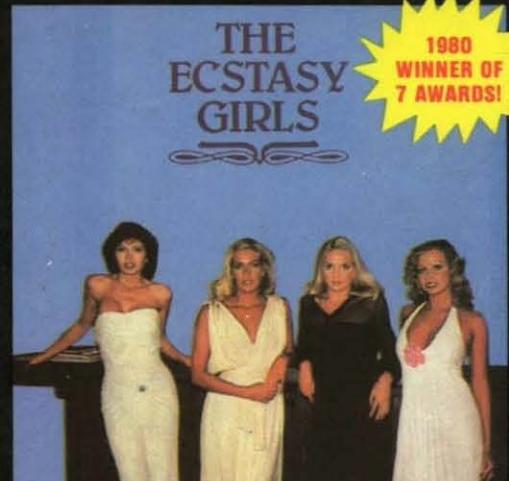
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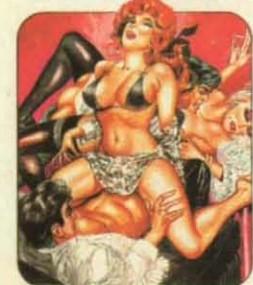
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